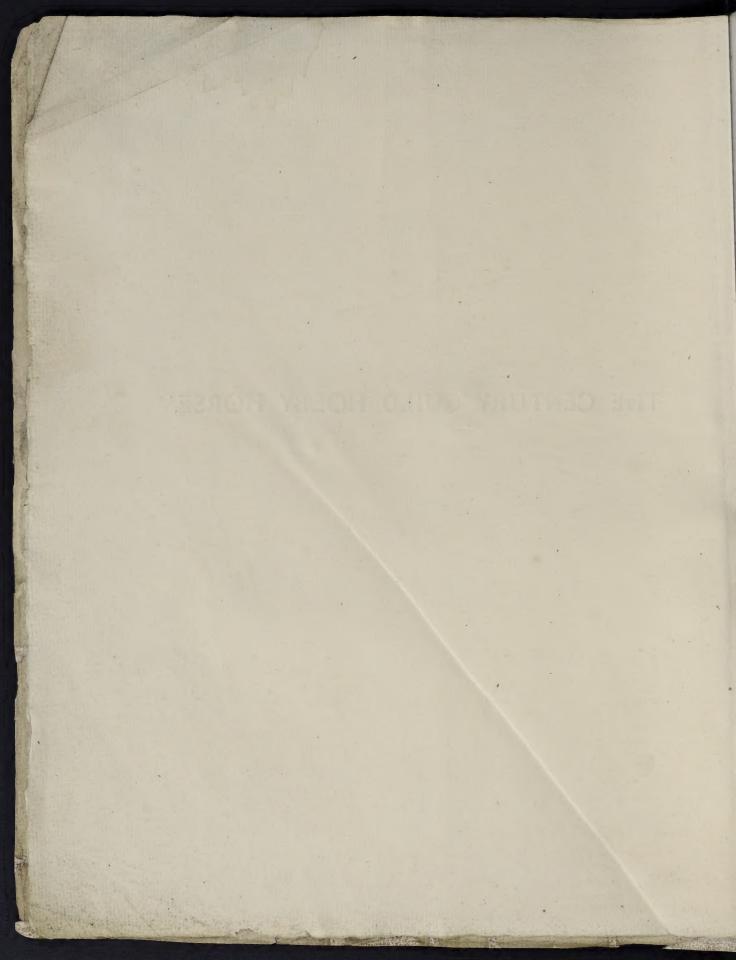


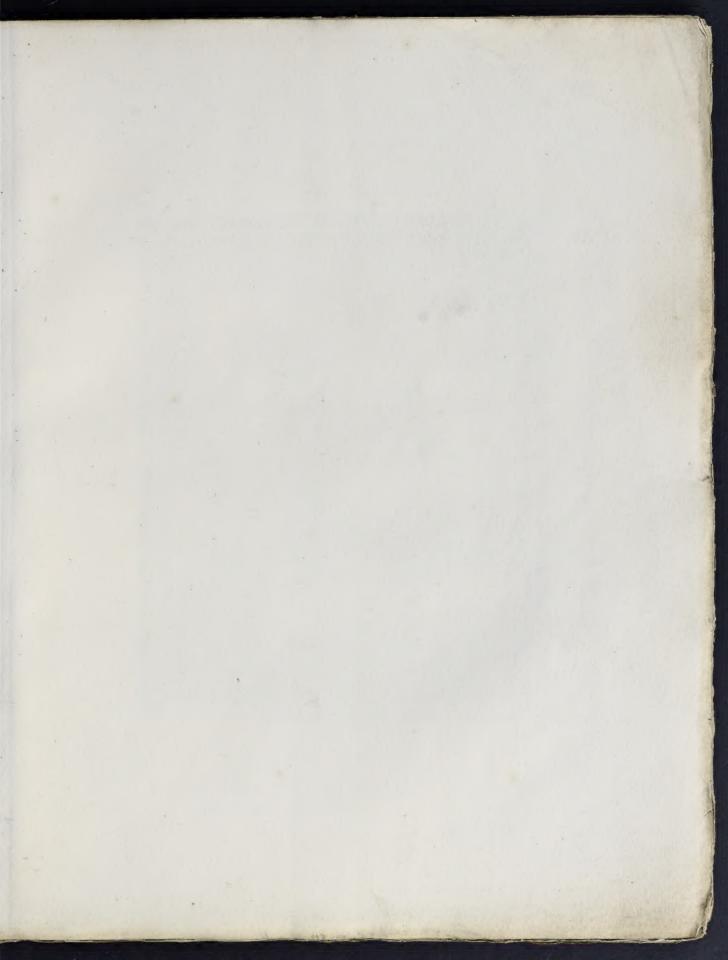
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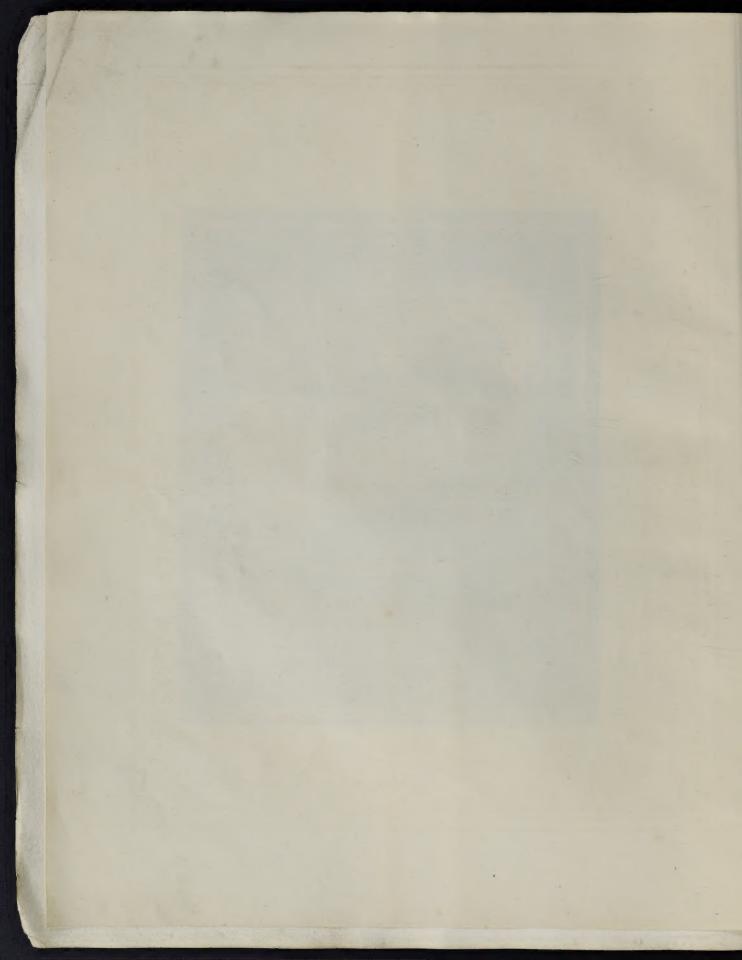
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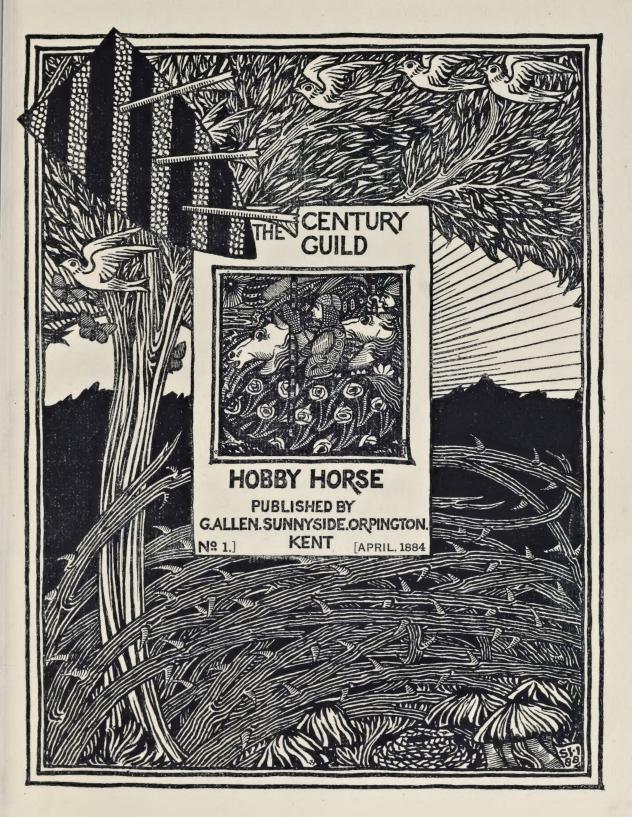


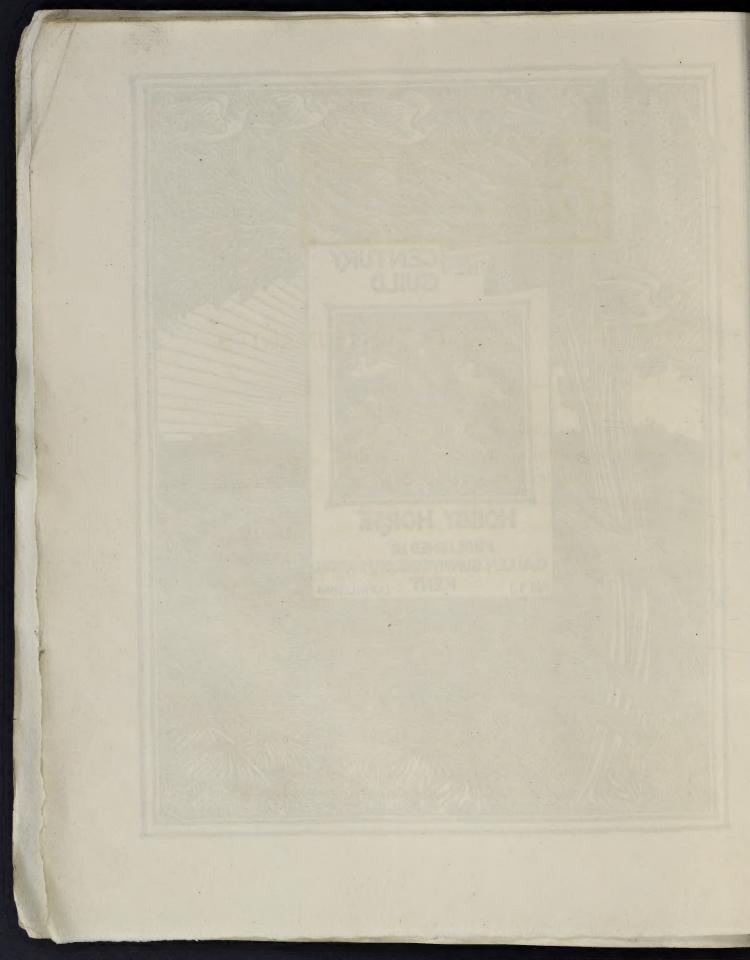














THAT MERLIN CRIED TO HUMANITY.

I know that I, thy preconceived soul,
Am messenger'd to drink of each delight
Of sense, and dwell in all-unutter'd dole,
Before thou drink'st, that thou may'st drink aright—
The loneliest, lowliest, loveliest eremite,
That ever wander'd ere his fellow men.
And knowing this, I gladly bear the blight
Of a long ferment-being, broke but when
Convulsed with a flood of passion now and then.

MCG.*

We may judge of an ox only when all between horn and hoof has been seen.—ED.]

^{* [}Note.—MCG. stands for 'Member of the Century Guild'. In justice to the writer of this poem and that of 'the Praise', I hold back his name, until by publication of poems on other subjects, his whole self has sought and found expression.



'THE GUILD FLAG'S UNFURLING.'

In case our "Hobby Horse" ride out, unknown to us, into circles beyond those compassing personal friends, we think it well, by way of introduction, to give to such new acquaintance some fair notion of the intention and character of our union; some unburdening of our hobbies; some reasons for riding them now and again through a public highway—a highway that is too frequently, a veritable 'rotten row.'

The few members of the Century Guild are all artists of one craft or another; each therefore known best through his own craft: though also here to be somewhat known by joint literary work in which each will, from time to time, when fate compels, come forward, say his say, and then retire to his studio, hoping to meet his reader there, no publisher between to make a chilling third.

Being bound by close pressing bands of kinship in thought, and by strong attachment of artistic sympathies, we felt it would be unalloyed advantage to give expression of our sympathetic relation to one another, and in a way that the long practice of the past has made most natural, and now fullest of suggestive meaning to the mind. Hence the Guild—an union by which we each anticipate having better chance of success in the exercise of our especial arts. As without

resigning a jot of our individuality, we receive by virtue of this incorporation, the support of the whole in larger spirit influence and multiplied power of material help.

By scientists we are told that increased individualization is always attended by increased homogeneity in every aggregate. Certainly in the artistic world we find it convenient to weave our individualities as separate threads, into a tapestry of some connected texture and homogeneous design, wherein the colour of each thread is enhanced by the complementary colours of others woven with it; the quality of each put to highest service by playing part in a design that tells a story any thread's single self alone, could not so much as suggest inkling of.

The Guild therefore, provides a part song in which many voices may show their fullest harmony and make that harmony as complete as enchanting, by the firmness with which each insists on his individualized part, and thus brings out his most valued and self distinguishing qualities of voice. No straining of falsetto notes to yield a false unison in our Guild cantata—no steeping in single dye, strands of varied hue, to gain unbroken breadth of tint in our Guild tapestry of interwoven personalities. Like the grim grey statues on Paul's porch pediments we stand; each firm set on self-wrought pedestal, free background of sky behind; and above, nothing but boundless height of heaven's intense inane.

From this position we each occupy, it will be known we can commit ourselves in adhesion to no absolute dogma, no close creed, nor logic spider-spun theory, to catch imagination in its freest flights, and caught, to suck its thought's life blood.

The common spirit that animates our work, the same fierce expectation that impels us each beyond the prose boundaries of simple craftsmanship, and keeps us undeviating in our art's progressive course, together weave the mind girdles that bind each to all.

It being then, but unity of sentiment that bands us together-not fast fettering creed, or preventive code of practice—each stands free and firm to express this sentiment as he chooses; each stands alone responsible for the literary or pictorial form in which this spirit becomes incarnated. But as a body, we are responsible, and responsible only, for the tone and temper that will characterize this periodical; just as individually, for the local colouring that each writer may give to his subject. This we wish well understood, that the unity of the whole may not seem hidden under the full liberty allowed each member. However, we do not think of making this membership a 'sine qua non' with writers; for it is our intention to invite contributions from those artists outside the Guild, whose views on any particular subject, are such as the Guild itself shares. For by getting those to write, who on any subject under consideration, have thought much and felt deeply, we do best to ensure originality of thought, made strong by stern strength of conviction. In addition then, to manifestation of this common kinship by our own more special work, we hope to give through this periodical some more clear disclosure of governing sentiments that we believe to be common to many others, yet in no definite manner finding expression; a disclosure that will however, only be clear to those who can con the spirit from a body's flesh form. For like scent of verbena or rose, not to be discerned in petal, sepal, or stem; not seen in any part, not yet to be handled, but alone existent in the whole; this that characterizes us as members of one Guild—this super-sensuous sentiment that pervades the whole of our work, is hardly to be seen in single parts, not to be caught in particular art, nor such as can be known by any kind of critical analysis.

Yet without narrowing our road by building of side walls; without hiding our horizon by planting tall hedgerows however rich in roses; without setting up hard and fast principles, or rooting thickset theories in the soil under our feet, we may show somewhat of the latitude and longitude of our position, and give some clue to the direction of our advance, as far as we ourselves may know it, by deciphering the handwriting written on the finger-posts that stand here and there on our road at dubious turnings. The mere naming of the names written on these; the mere repetition of what is inscribed on these guiding posts, being sufficient to tell the most untravelled geographer of the mind-world's ways, the land where we live, the direction whither we are going. Whether, that is, we be pilgrims passing through Sodom, Canaan, or New England town.

The first point then, at which we leave the highway tracked by far the greater number of journeymen artists, is that where stands a finger-post whose extended arm directs the traveller towards a region, in which art is farthest removed from attempted portraiture of external nature. We are conscious of drawing largely upon the resources of previously presented

conceptions: of being strongly influenced by 'treatment'; and of giving our work a more abstract, or mood-made character, than the more popular forms of art possess.

It is compared with this more familiar form, less objective; less realistic; at all times quite consciously selective. As much the reflex of the mind from its surroundings as the naturalistic (so called); as much the exponent of individual sentiment as the realistic (so called); it is yet the reflex of minds more influenced by man and man's conceptions, the exponent of sentiment whose immediate source lies in qualities, rather than in things.

The pictures of Birket Foster example what we mean by naturalistic art. Here the acknowledged effort is to pourtray the external. Here pleasure to painter and public alike, is due to associations with nature, associations that we may respectfully because reservedly—call animal or generic in character, in contradistinction from those that are mental or special in In the enjoyment and production of such art the character. mind is thrown back upon the myriad memories of delightful sensations experienced in youthful rambles about country lanes, when unbridled boy spirits,—in rapturous unison of sentiment with bird, beast, and vegetable life around—joyed to consume themselves in idle chase of fleet-flitting sunbeams, and wild whistling to the deaf-ear'd winds. The mind's pleasure in these old and never old delights of earth's life and heaven's light, are sole motive of such work; sole source of its power in exciting appeal to the large public that delights, and well delights, to possess them. Past forms of art modify very inconsiderably this class of work, that is born of no school, but the one of nature: and come the painter from Bettys-y-coed, or come he from Bellinzona, his "manner" is the same whencesoever he comes, such difference as there is, consisting only in the materials that enter into his picture. It may be in the one case, low-level plains and sleepy streams; in the other, mountain masses and swift leaping torrents. But the sentiment is the same in both: in the one case, praise of the mind associations that people the plains, whence our bread is in all seasons won, and in the other, praise of the mind associations that inhabit the hills which feed our home cisterns to overflowing. Further, this class of mind-for it cannot be called a school-looks upon "Nature" as a something in peculiar way God-endowed, therefore superior to humanity; a something showing a perfection marred in man. On the other hand we feel nature to be no more than the insentient body out of whose clay womb man's spirit, after zons of travail, has burst forth: the lifeless shell securely enwrapping the food that feeds the germs of human brood. Such being the extreme difference of stand-point from which we regard the world external to man, it is not surprising that such difference should give rise to equally different classes of art, one beatifying the crust of earth life, the other an humble attempt to discover the core of human soul.

As illustration of this last kind we may best refer readers to our illustration. This is, as will at once be seen, a pure creation: but creation only in the sense Shelley uses the word, —to express combination and re-presentation. It does not

simply combine the idea of a falling bird with the picture of a man; these are merely the flesh of the thought. For the brain that conceived this picture-poem, or poem-picture, conceived firstly the idea, or spirit of this flesh, and going into the world, sought certain things for symbols of expression, and, combining them, re-presented the idea—henceforth a new creature in the likeness of its creator. For so God made man.

The pleasure then, which either kind of art gives to any, be he painter or possessor, depends entirely upon the imagination. If this be unmanacled of metaphysical bonds; well stored with memories of artistic conceptions; if the mind has associated stirring pleasures with particular forms of art, these previous conceptions or art treatments will enter as largely into the new productions, as in naturalistic art do the sources of association found in external nature, enter into Birket Foster's or Vicat Cole's productions. Again, strength of imagination tells in favour of what we may best call subjective art, with both painter and spectator, because strong imagination implies the power of giving what is most desired by the imaginative, namely, distinct mould of moods, and that firm insistance on individual conception, which always accompanies strong self-temperament. And to this class of mind, therefore, the realistic art is as impossible as it is wanting in force of interest.

This being the character of our art, its subject will of necessity be for the most part figures, since human nature, and not external nature, is the source of those associations of beauty and pleasure most forcibly affecting minds that have from the first been exercised upon objects—because born of the human

brain or human body—strongly imbued with human sentiment.

We hope at some other time to say more about these two distinct, yet not ever opponent kinds of art, with special reference to the fuller significance of imaginative art: but for the present we speak no more of our work.

There is yet however another turning on the road we travel, which is a branch off from the common highway, and it is that which turns towards individuality of conviction.

As our art is characterized by its direct and new presentation of sentiment, rather than by its representation of external sources of sentiment in the material world; so our thought is characterized by direct governance of personal conviction, rather than by subordination of self will to external formulas of thought; thus making personality overrule, as far as may be, prestige. Not that we would arrogate to ourselves the possession of a larger share of conscience than others possess, but that in our own case, we make a point of giving no undue power to force of precedent in belief, or to value of prestige in action: and so, rather allowing the supreme spirit of being, by present experiences to mould the mind to perfecter form; and newly found facts to exercise their full power of substantial conviction, leaving the conscience lone monarch of the mind; "free from heart-withering custom's cold control"; fearless of consequences that may meantime arise, through its power to command us to untrodden paths of thought, or charge us through dark mazes of doubtful issue: knowing as we do, that wisdom has been born

with no man; and believing as we do that frankness with fulness of individual belief, is the surest guide in our purblind search after her. On the other hand, we cannot acquire the atheistic fear of trusting to the intuition of the hour; so that when the beliefs of yesterday have become to us by the light of new knowledge the superstitions of to-day, we fail to forbear from throwing them overboard; allowing at such time full liberty to the conscience to dictate, by the mind's help, more practical principle for the morrow's life.

It is necessary thus to prelude future expression of our opinions, because we shall often be found holding views on art and other co-related subjects of importance that are much at variance with those most frequently accepted: and we would from the first, give those who read our thoughts to understand, that from our position and view of things, such stated opinion is the only possible one for us; such stated opinion to be so, and so only accepted, and not received because we presume to think it is the only possibly true one. Speaking as we thus may, with all honour to our heritage of thought, but strongly and without reserve, because speaking from our own experiences and according to our own convictions, we shall avoid subjects, on which from want of personal experience and special study, we could not but speak with extreme deference and hesitation. Large social questions—only to be rightly understood by those who have made sociology a careful study; by those therefore who are able to see the relation of the individual to the larger life or society; by those who are enabled to regard sequences of social life in their right order, and consequently able to trace important issues to their proper precedents—we shall leave; lending willing ear ourselves to the few sociologists of the day.

So with international questions, questions of law and matters of science: on these it would be impertinent of us to venture an opinion. Rashly impertinent, since without these, there is sufficient on which, drawing from the work and experience of our several professions, we can with confidence venture to sail out our craft on the seas of public opinion, and if needs be pilot her through a gale. For we may remember, there are many matters outside those of art proper, which being matters of sentiment, touch in a peculiar way the life of an artist, and on these matters, the views and feelings of artists

The State's function is to protect property and see that all individuals have fair play: and this is sum of its 'power.' Further, since no 'state' can raise the character of an aggregate above the character of its component parts; consequently

¹ An instance of an artist entering the circle of social politics, consequently advocating what we believe to be dangerously narrow-sighted remedies of existent evils, is given in the case of William Morris-one who has been and is still considered by us chief among the leaders of to-day's art movement, one who perhaps more than any has raised the tone and character of industrial art to the high rank it attains in this country. As an art craftsman he is our master: but we hesitate to follow him in his endeavour to agitate for state intervention as possible panacea of poverty; or to accept his belief in parliament as apportioner of property. Poverty, injustice and crime are to us the natural result of class character, and class character like individual character acts automatically according to its bulk of higher human elements: which bulk cannot be increased artificially. You may bulge it there by pressing it here, but its bulk is yet the same. A man's injustice here, is by legal pressure stopped, but this legal pressure only forces it out in another direction so long as his character is an unjust one. So is it with class injustice. Life develops from within. As character develops both in individual and class by gradual growth from the heart's centre, old evils become impossible because distasteful, and the whole world is happier thus much.

are, if not of real service, certainly of real interest to the lay public.

Should therefore we be thought to touch at times, on matters which require a technical knowledge that, as artists, we cannot possess; or even too strongly to speak on subjects that are confessedly within our province; we ask our friend readers to remember that artists cannot but carry into their literature the characteristics of a nature which has made them select as their life's work that which, more than all else, requires of a man heedless intensity of feeling and strong insistance upon self-chosen views.

Considering then the aim of this work; its strong advocacy of subjective art in all branches; its prominent elevation of man and man's creations above the vegetable universe and its mysterious machinery; considering too the spirit of independance in which everything herein will be written: its sympathetic appeal from artists to the artistic world; this periodical will be sufficiently different from its

cannot raise class life above individual life; class action above individual action; so must we see the question of land and houseless poor, is at bottom one of individual effort impelled by a force within; and not one of state intervention acting from without on the pachiderm of characterless toilers and spoilers. And never will platform philanthropists by dole of spoken pity and pence, mitigate evils which their speculative business and cheap marketing, do so much to aggravate.

Mr. Morris in his splendid industries and as a considerate employer of labour, caring for heads and hearts as well as hands, is with other like workers doing more to better the condition of every class, than the united governments of all the world could do, when wielding the entire police force available, and enforcing all the statutes all the white wigs could concoct.

contemporaries to justify its publication; and we hope, of such permanent value to its readers as shall at least equal the price of its purchase.

ARTHUR H. MACKMURDO, M C G.

Note.—In this our first number we have purposely avoided loud trumpet-blast of great names: we have also been modest in our illustrations that the promise implied in the first, may not fall short of performance in the succeeding issues.



'Mental things are alone real: what is called corporeal nobody knows of'——the delay of death is its life. But the soul's vision is everlasting. God is eternal: and where is God but in the minds of the mightiest?

I pray you what is this Soul's vision? It is the reflex of the outer universe made man by utmost passion;—aureoled with anguish, dimmed with delight.

Ye believe? Then read farther: only, seeing it is a boy's work, remember therefore it is full of boyish errors; perhaps difficulty is one. However it would strive at these good things: to give, in strict unity, something which cannot be given in prose; and that this something should aim at an essential of life, a foundation of things.



THE PRAISE.

"What, Nell -? Is all virtue held by that gold stay-lace?"

Despised and trampled flower of earth's field:

Crushed violet, whose faint scent still seems to be
The only rest wherewith my wounds are healed:

Sweet Stranger, who met death upon his way, And mocked him of his weeds and bared him life: Undying morning of a dying day: Thou steadfast star in an inane of strife:

Flesh-fire consuming all the dross and death Which this weak brain imagines in its woe:
Thou deluge irresistable: thou breath—
Thou only breath my panting breast may know:

Too divine atmosphere in which this world Of tired love toils sense-suspended: sweet— Too sweet and subtle tempest that unfurled Its Spring of kisses cooling a fierce death-heat: Unmeasured cup of this burnt lamp, long spent, Yet lit with its extinguished light: ah me! My speeding heaven of life, reflected, pent In some wild river-whirl enchantedly:

Thou beacon of delight amid the rocks Which underlie a treacherous city's roar: Spirit of a Spirit who, cradled on thine, mocks The blight of passion then forevermore:

Thou living mist laden with volume joys, Sense scented with the orange flowers of love: Quiet ooze-breeze of life's morning that out-buoys The dank damp moisture from time's hills above:

Deceived, unloved; but far too loved by me: One music of my life: sorrow in thrall: My pilot ever: my thoughts thought beautifully: Mine undreamt dream of dreams: mine other all:

ered song

That this with- How can I hope to slur this spoken song, Nor spoil with it the excessed harmonies Which in thy still thought-temples finely throng, Unless I blear with unwept tears thine eyes?

> How-how can I who, thy high presence won, Forget my being and become as thou; Likest a sphere, heat-sucked afront the sun, Forgets its form in that most glorious glow?

Insufferable loveliness ever weaves
An aureole of honours for thy head:
Drunk to the quick the failing spirit grieves,
And weeps insatiate and burns unfed.

All-strong narcotic hiding in its sting
Mortality: all life: all ecstasy:
All sleep: all hope and all madness can bring:
My song is dead, I fail absorbed of thee.

May be for a hallowing of the thing.

But not too dead to herald what I wish; Sere leaves conceive of Spring the lovable, Then why should it not own thy life and flesh Pure as the rest's, perhaps more beautiful?

Then tho' this song is as a catch out-sung, And tho', if thy melodious instinct filled It with all utmost music, it had stung The rest to scorn it like thee: so I willed.

Let it not die, but let it breathe again Its antenatal far air serenely; Since it was lured from silence, tho' in vain, Not selfishly for thine, dear, but for thee.

FORE-THOUGHTS.

To his own soul: the manner of his mistress.

Mad thing she was, for madness fed her nerves
And riot laughter ran about her blood;—
Some jewelled flight of fine excess
Wandering not near weariness:
Tho', as a forest-bordering flood,
Strong; but more perfect in her period.

I could have drank from out those lips
Such nectarous splendour lushly given;
Till pain and sorrow,
The past and the morrow
Were bedded and buried within their eclipse;
And they the whole earth and whole heaven.

Toher, seldom Surely thou wanderest sometimes o'er the waste seen; whether she loveth him. Bleak-stretched beneath the heavens of the soul; Whose hurried June of joy is soon erased By the strong hurricanes, that do outroll Their glorious sorrow-songs. I bade, sweet Love, The patient palmer who abideth there And knoweth its nine-monthed winter, "Do thou rove Thro' thy dim realms, till thou, for ever, bare The glory of a face, that could but be From the swift passage of a moment torn." He said: "For long I tracked her silently, And when, unseen, I neared her-she was gone." Then journied I myself in search for thee; But all the world grew lone, unloved and lorn.

A BEE hangs over every flower, To her: with out her are all things loveless A thousand odours fall this way Driving such dreams into one hour-A thousand things to die to-day: Yet all these sweets are sad and blear Because thou, sweetest, art not here.

> There are honey-cups for every bee; Swooned scents to succour every breeze: But no hand for mine, no lips for me To drench with a moment's ecstasies: So all these sweets are sad and blear Because thou, sweetest, art not here.

ing flesh-sym-pathy

To her: crav- HOLD-hold my hands and lure my lips awhile; For I have knit thee to each broad sunrise And every eve, and made its laugh thy smile; So fiercely is heaven poured on these worn eyes. Hold—stay me I am fleeing far away To unsure earths which I have nationed; full Of love and lovely sorrow, that the day Looks on and loves; and loves there life to lull. O hold me, bind, keep me in thee. I pass To azure orbs soul-peopled that love not. Ensphere me with sweet kisses and thoughts. I pass Half loving to forget and be forgot: Else do I grow unlovely as a world, Reft of all flesh, in night eternal hurled.

THE FIRE'S BREATH.

To his own soul: concerning her.

- ' Away, come away, she was waiting early for you:
- She has heard the harlot's cry in the street fall faint as the morning grew.
- 'It was you, it was you, whatever it was that stirred;

His soul's an- 'She was murmuring all the night your name. L swer. you hear?' I heard.

I come, I come; I am overladen for her;
Such a sorrow-souled load of bitterest love was hardly
made to bear:

More deep, more sweet than anything cherished yet.

It is only—only a moment's kiss,—but its tinged with a touch of regret.

1

To her: if love could offend not; then were the whole woman worshipt.

Nelly, if I could prophesy thee never
To forge offence of aught that love contrived,
Or willing that thy delicate lips should sever
Love but in jest for jest; as one who has strived,
Strewing his starry knowledge on the night,
Foreshews the aspect and the certainty
Of invisible orbs; or as a poet might
When pre-enduring earth, reaps its futurity:
Then had I found such world-proof manacles
Strong as the arms of void about the sky,
Pure as the dew that feeds the asphodels,
And sweet as both; almost as thou: for I
Could love thy cruellest words to ever repeat
Till thy self-treasured kisses be not so sweet.

2

new love

To her: the manner of the I will love thee as a spirit Knowing not its flesh, When some thought it loves is near it, Just awakes from rest-The glory and the absence of a dream that's fresh.

> The deep murmur of the ocean Is the summer's kiss: So thy bosom's tender motion Shall lull love to it; Till life murmur on, one long sweet kiss as this.

To her: how

ONLY a sense of something, Sweet; her presence makes love fire. Only a wind of passion away Thro' the nerves, as the wind thro' the street, Ushering all to its night of delight; For night is the June of the day. There was the veriest veil of pain That fell as lush odours—so light, A pall of snow on a waste winter; Till your loveliness entered into my brain And awoke the dreams that were there— Shallow-shades one by one, Heart-lost thoughts of beauty gone, Sense-spent things in their grave-garden: Ay, the drought the soul drank of thine eyes Wherein the unapparent lies, The intensest sable of night alit By a heaven of love comprehending it, Has aroused them; as the hosts of the hurricane Rouse still worlds and still worlds from death, Till peace-grown anger is anger again, And Love is the fire's breath.

of the consummation.

Toher: ahymn DEATH is now a hope of sorrow; Toil one tear of time; Love what we would have the morrow; Life a fear of mine: Hush, hush, how sweet, for sure I am a dream of thine.

> Thou art evening nearing earth, Making me night's kiss; Thou hast given worlds their worth, Given night its bliss:-Hush, hush, how sweet, for sure I am thy dream in this.

5

To her: how love hath no abiding.

Love, I cannot hold thee longer,
In the deep night sink away:
Rarely is thy spirit stronger—
Lips that I would drench with sweetness,
Eyes that I could hide in day.

6

the sweets of the earth.

To her: with ARE not these too poor to give you For the light that love was born in? If the world could so receive you, As all things receive the morning Hidden, ere they feel or know her In the joy that they would show her; Then such worth earth could not give you.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

To his own soul: how he departs.

"Yet one kiss, dear:—yet another one."

I linger here at her chamber door.

"Yet one kiss, dear:—yet another one."

But the joy of the thing fell to fear before

It was given. Shall delight be so fair nevermore?—

Evermore.

To her: how she leaveth him. Unpiloted for the Unpiloted—for thou art gone— Upon a sullen shoreless sea Charmed and with intense stillness worn; Without a haven nor love-borne:

> A dreamless heaven broods dead, undriven By drifts of tempest summer strown; This still life, almost past as thou, Mute in a sleep, where sense seems flown, Conceived of thee and thee alone.

To her: craving ever-remembrance.

When the song raves in thy head,

Kiss thou me.

When the rout is dull and dead;
And the night is half awake
Making real for thy sake
All that thou so wished to be;
Do thou then, sweet one, kiss me—
Even me.

When the steeples seem to die
In the deepness of the sky;
When the white dawn's kisses flare
Thro' the streets familiar;
And the Spring begins to fail;
And the whole dusk city 's pale;
Kiss thou me

Not sometimes but continually.

In the prisons of my bliss,

Kiss thou me.

In that wistful wilderness; Where the wanderer wanders on, Tempest driven, mad and wan, Till he reach the sea of death
Whose intense sleep murmureth;
That when pillowed on its breast
Far from any world distrest,
Winds shall echo and repeat
All that's dear and strange and sweet
Of our wanderings and death-debt
To our loves that wander yet.

Hidden in such secret ways,

Kiss thou me,

Of these wildernesses' haze;

All allured of love and praise;

Even me,

Not sometimes but continually.

To her: for future peace.

O GLORY mine, black floods are thick And shoaling on quick-withered hours; Look back but thro' their roaring beat, And every pallid night that cowers Shall work a sleep of kisses sweet

And strange,

From shadows thou so finely cast about a lone nervechange.

MCG.





A LECTURE ON ART.

Delivered in London in December, 1882.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I. I AM to have the honour of reading before you a course of General inter- four lectures on Art.

Now Art is a subject in which everybody in this room is—I take it for granted—at least interested, and in which some of us are interested more than we are in almost anything else.

It is not astonishing. For we are living just now at a time, when—if one may so say—the spirit of Art is a great deal in the air, and perpetually and on all sides it breathes on us.

Yes—and this beautiful spirit is just now, with something of the enthusiasm of recovered devotees, followed, reverenced, misunderstood, burlesqued, worshipped wisely and stupidly, the subject of most endless contradictions—but wrongness as well as rightness, absurdity as well as wisdom, they are signs of its presence, and that its presence is making itself felt among us.

Why let us think for an instant.

Let us think for example what crowds of people flock to the Academy, and to the other yearly-increasing exhibitions! Then what prices modern artists get! or again, what innumerable handbooks and magazine articles on art pour on us! What an effort everywhere to build houses picturesquely, and to decorate them in style! Art furniture, art needlework, art this that and the other—where can you turn from it? Who is in the least content with the shapes and the colours and the combinations which passed thirty or twenty years since? I scarcely know where you can fix your eyes and not be met by the thing. We must set that accomplished artist Mr. Walter Crane to illustrate our children's nursery rhymes—and that vigorous but most delicate poet Mr. William Morris to design our wall-papers and hearth-rugs. Let us laugh as we may in "The Colonel" and "Patience"—who has seen those plays and not felt that after all it is a good deal at ourselves that we are laughing—and when the play is played and the players come on-do you recollect in their common clothes, who has not felt 'Dear me! what a change for the worse!'?

Now here are just a few common and obvious symptoms. With much that is fine and encouraging, no doubt there is grotesqueness, affectation, weariness, vulgarity, stupidness, enough and to spare in them. Many of these things are light and worthless as straws—but even straws, you know, have their business—they will be swept off next minute, but they show how the stream flows. And so in human life; no wide-spreading symptoms however temporary or even shallow are meaningless—meaningless in themselves, yes,—and it may be worse than meaningless—but then they do not end in their own nonsense. No doubt it is very silly for men and women,

not always lovely or young-to loveliness alas! I suppose we must allow anything-to affect eccentric costumes and overcharged feelings-and Mr. Du Maurier laughing at them is so to say fulfilling his pre-destined office amongst us. No doubt it is very vulgar to run up cheap houses and put there bad imitation ornament—and fill them with badly-made carved furniture—and decorate their walls—shall we say with oleographs?-And Mr. Ruskin rushing away out of all this, and cursing us and our rubbish from his far off quiet amidst the hills of Coniston,—he too is fulfilling his predestined office of prophet, telling us our sins and their damnation.—But after all Mr. Du Maurier's irony and Mr. Ruskin's scorn-Mr. Du Maurier's just irony and Mr. Ruskin's just scorn—what remains? —the greater number of cultivated and half-cultivated and quarter-cultivated people amongst us conscious of the need that human life has of imaginative interest and beauty-and making some kind of endeavour after it.—The endeavour is affected or ridiculous or vulgar or imbecile—shall we say nine times out of twelve?—yet there is an endeavour—why should we not be generous enough to count it as a sign that men are feeling after the pleasures of the Imagination and of Beauty?and these pleasures-what are they but among the deepest and the noblest of this human nature of ours?

Is Art worth serious study? The popular view that it is mere play is narrow and

II. Now, ladies and gentlemen, here we must stop for a minute—for here we come to the first division which I have indicated in the syllabus of this lecture—and we will ask ourselves if you please—

For Art has to before going a step further, what worth is Art at

Imaginative Imaginative portant parts of us, because in it exist some

do with the all?—I have no inclination—have you?—for anynature; and the thing else till we have got some sort of answer to that nature is one of the most im-

You will pardon me—I am sure—if the note of our highest which I am striking at the commencement of these lectures seems a little perhaps over serious.

One knows how many people there are to whom all art never appears in any other light than that of play.—To treat it seriously—that is to say to treat it with the sort of seriousness which belongs to commerce or politics or any of the more obvious social needs, is in their eyes to be provokingly affected, and to be making much ado about nothing.—' What does it 'matter?' they say—'what is all this commotion about principles 'and aims and duties and influence?—Do you imagine for an 'instant that anybody like ourselves, who knows what business 'is, and a hard day's work down in the city yonder, is going to 'treat you painters gravely?—give us pretty things to look 'at—that is all—a pretty piece of colour and a pretty face and 'a nice story: you are lucky fellows who have a happy knack of amusing us—well, be content—shake hands—we are much 'obliged to you for helping us to spend a few minutes 'pleasantly now and then-and here is your cheque: but for 'goodness sake do not pose as serious men, and make your-'selves ridiculous.'—

Do not suppose that I am putting the matter in this light out of any bitterness of spirit, for indeed I can enter with a great deal of sympathy into the way which these practical people have of regarding Art.—

It is you know one of those curious delusions, which are so deep and widespreading, and from which it is so extremely difficult to emancipate oneself, to regard quite seriously and as of importance only what is painful to our nature, only what has to be undertaken because without it there would be no keeping soul and body together, or—in the case of vulgar people—only what tends to the increase of our property and incomes.—But the truth is that beyond these things there is a whole higher world for men and women—the world of imagination—higher and intangible, but not for that reason less of a world for them—nay one in which they are to find if anywhere the development of some of their finest faculties and some of their finest happiness.—

Now this is the world with which Art has to deal—and to supply us with its pleasures.—

It is true that many people pass their days complacently and with comfort who are in ignorance of this imaginative world or insensible to it: but this comes either from infelicity of circumstances, or from an original deficiency in their make—it is nothing to boast over as if one was thereby saved from a weakness—or as if this region of imaginative sensations was only some extra kind of experience—which one might indulge in if one wished to,—but which it did not really signify whether one did or not.

To be shut out from this experience of the Imagination is distinctly to be a stunted creature. There are faculties in human nature which nothing but the imagination can feed and develope,—and not to have these faculties developed, not to

know the pleasures of them, is in reality to be as pitiable as a man who does not know the pleasure of walking because he has withered limbs. I can conceive it possible indeed that it is because in this world of ours there is so much difficulty and pain to so large a majority, that our innate generosity revolts against laying too high an insistance on happiness, and on those studies which make for it.—We may take our selfishness secretly, but we are ashamed of professing what we fancy looks like a systematic culture of it.—It seems too like Nero playing the fiddle while Rome burns.—I say I can conceive this as a possible explanation—and the feeling within certain limits is a fine feeling.—

But after all, we cannot finally escape the problems and complications of life by persistently narrowing our cares only to its fundamental requirements. These natures which we did not make have as much claim on us to be developed all round as they have to be developed only at one or two inevitable points: and if there is that in them which finds its satisfaction only in the experience of the trained and sensitive imagination, then it becomes our business, at least as soon as we are convinced of this, to seek studiously for such satisfactions.—For let us be sure that the old parable about the body and its members is a true parable—if one member suffer all the members suffer with it—if our imaginative natures are not developed it is not only they that are the sufferers—we are as a whole of less worth in the world than we might be, and of less worth ultimately even in those directions in which we are most effective.—

I am afraid, ladies and gentlemen, that you will be weary with me for stopping so long and somewhat diffusely on this

matter.—My excuse is that it seems to me so important that we should make up our minds at the outset whether this Art in which you are interested, and about which you are good enough to come and hear me lecture,—whether, I say—it is a serious matter, with issues whose importance for human beings are comparable only with the very highest, or whether it is ultimately of as little moment as one of your children's toys.— It is not overstrained to put the decision in this extreme form. If it dawns upon us that Art is worth studying at all, why not care to come at some clear notion as to what is the degree of its worth?—Does it touch high and important issues for us, or is it nothing more than the mere skim of life? Would it matter two straws to the final salvation of the world if a clean sweep of it were made to-morrow? or is that from which it comes and to which it ministers in us, amongst the finest and the most potent of the many parts which together constitute our nature?— The answer to these questions will evidently depend upon what importance we attach to the imaginative faculty. Of course—as we all know—it is a human frailty to overbalance the particular interest with which we are most concerned, and to exalt it as if it was the unum necessarium of human existence.—Thus it is no doubt a tendency of artists to overbalance the interest of art, and to speak as if in comparison with the products and pleasures of the imagination nothing else much mattered.— Now there is a great deal else which matters—and there are some things which unquestionably matter more than art. For instance, all that concerns character, and what Mr. Matthew Arnold is fond of calling 'conduct'—matters more.—

But then on the other hand there are a great number of people who having only the faintest concern about the imaginative side of our nature, treat it merely as an affectation when anyone begins to urge serious insistance upon it—because they say that so long as a man is good and minds his business he has all that in any real sense merits seriousness.—Now that he has that which merits seriousness most—of this there is no question: but to say that he has all that merits seriousness is to speak without balance and harmfully.—

For when we come to regard things with a wider and more reasonable comprehension we soon see that there is no unum necessarium—no "one thing necessary"—for human nature in this mechanical and exclusive sense.—It is not, that is to say, enough to be good, or to be in earnest, or to be moral, or to be imaginative, or to have common sense, or to be energized by an unfailing instinct of duty.—Gradually as our vision extends and clears itself we come to understand that the only true "unum necessarium" is the perfected development of all the interests and faculties that pertain to us, till they are in harmonious balance.-Nor, when we arrive at a juster comprehension, is there anything against the seriousness and importance of this or that interest, that it aims at making us sensitive to pleasures, not merely at saving us pain or ministering to the radical necessities of existence.—For after all the end of human life is happiness, and happiness depends upon all the parts of our constitution having development and order and free-play.-The sphere of Art is in the region of the Imagination, and the office of the Imagination is to render us sensitive to the experience of some

of the most exquisite pleasures of which our nature is capable.— However natural therefore, and in some sense at least however noble, is the feeling, that when so much is wanting to the fundamental necessaries and good conduct of the world, it is mere trifling to give ourselves up to the cultivation of pleasures no matter what value they may have in themselves-however natural I say and even noble such a feeling may be, I cannot help expressing my conviction that it is deplorable and harmful.-No doubt among the bewildering complications of modern life, it may become to anybody one of the most difficult practical problems to know how he is to reconcile the claims of his higher sensations with devotion to the more tangible and clamorous duties which surround him. But it is no answer to the problem to deny those claims-no, not though such a denial may throw around us even the glamour of self-sacrifice. Alas! life is not to be read or lived so easily-and though indeed we may not be able after all to read or to live it except most imperfectly-still it is something for us and ultimately therefore for others, when we come to understand that at all events there is no such short road out of its intricacies as this.—

You understand, ladies and gentlemen, that what we are trying to do is to arrive at some conclusion as to the worth of Art thought of—as we say—in the abstract, thought of in the region of ideas. To spend some time in such an endeavour as this is not to lose ourselves in cloudland. For thoughts, ideas, are the ultimate basis of all widely-reaching and permanent human activities. People tell us that ours is a shallow age: yet it is one of our characteristics to drive things back and back till they stand

upon their final merits, and can give an account of why we should accept them better than the conservative plea that there they are and have long been.—Nor can Art expect exemption from this persistent questioning any more than other long-established interests—so that indeed it becomes the duty of everybody who believes that art has deep and most beneficent significance for the world, not to remain content till he has rendered himself some fairly satisfactory account of what art is and does for usnot merely in the world of accomplished but alas! too often contradictory and feeble fact—but in that underlying and permanent world of ideas.-

When we leave thought for experience no doubt there is dis appoint-mentaboutart.

of the flippancy of much art many people disbelieve in any serious treatment of it. -But this is unreasonable. -The best artists have always treated their work seriously.—The flippancy of much is merely in accordance with the fate which never lets conception come to perfect result. - But the future is in the direction of

III. When we leave this region of ideas, leave thinking of what art is and what it should do in the constitution of things, and come to look at it in its Hence, because working round about us, there is no doubt a shock.— But then it is only such a shock as one experiences alas! turn where one will amidst the infinite complications and weaknesses of human effort.—I am anxious indeed to call your attention to this undeniable disappointment, because people are sometimes uncomfortably or maliciously apprehensive that all ideal considerations as to the meaning and issues of Art must be in reality nonsense, when they see, as they tell us, so much flippancy and thoughtlessness in painters and their pictures, so much merely ad captandum work, such

reckless insistance upon mere sensual gratifications without any heed as to its consequences.—Nay, and so deeply are they possessed by these beliefs or apprehensions, that the very idea

you know of the artistic life is how commonly just that of a goodnatured but reckless existence—too butterfly-like to be seriously reckoned among the graver interests of society,—and with too frequent and too dark shadows about it for any well-

ordered person to think of scanning it too closely.

I am not holding a brief for the artistic profession, ladies and gentlemen,—and we need not waste our time this afternoon in arguments and counter-arguments about these popular notions.—I am sure that nobody would wish to deny that a great many painters are flippant men, and that a great many pictures are flippant pictures.—But supposing one said—'A ' large number of members in the House of Commons are not on fire with genuine patriotism, and they not unfrequently 'make very silly speeches: therefore to treat politics seriously and to seek for the science of it, is nonsense.—Or, a large 'number of clergymen in the English church are not on fire ' with devotion for the souls of their parishioners, and they not 'unfrequently do their duty in a flippant manner and preach 'silly sermons; therefore to treat religion seriously and to seek ' for the science of it, is nonsense'-supposing one said this, would not one be speedily convicted of talking rashly and without basis?—But it is very much the same thing in reality as when people pho-pho the ideal considerations of art as a grave element in the development of society, because a multitude of artists are hare-brained, and a multitude of pictures are merely toys.—So they are.—But all artists are not, nor all pictures. It is quite certain that the greatest men amongst them have been convinced that their work was a very noble one, and noble for

this reason that it served for wide-spreading and permanent social good. Were they victims of self-delusive conceit?-Alas! you turn inwards upon thought and conceive there what elevating influence Art is destined to exercise: you turn outwards and are staggered by its flippancy and demoralization. Yes, but it is no use losing belief because of that strange curse which never lets conception blossom into its perfect flower: the failures, the common-place, the degradations of human existence are not more real things than its upward thoughts and the dreams of its best moments: and it is not reason but narrow-mindedness which sticks fast in the mire of realized failures and feebleness, and cannot believe that the future lies for us not in this predestined degradation, but in the gradual working out of that world of underlying ideas for which the best of men must be at present content perhaps only to dream and work .-

Whenwe come to practice we are met by the difficulty that the mass have

IV. As soon however as we begin to consider the practical bearings of Art we are met by an initial and disconcerting difficulty. The sphere of Art is as I have tion.—But the imagination is said in the Imagination—and the value of it is that it ministers to the happiness of this imaginative nature of ours, which when we come to see things with wider comprehension is of such immense importance.—But for the great mass of people the Imagination is alas! something which almost is not .--Let me make myself clear.—When one says that for the great mass of people the Imagination is something which almost is not, one may mean either that it is not as a possibility, or that it is not as a fact.—Well, if you indeed come to the conclusion that

the imagination is not a normal part of our general human nature, but an extra gift merely, a favouritism of the gods so to say, here and there, then to go on talking about the social influence and duties of Art is to be entrapping our interest in something, which earnest and keenly-sensitive people have some justification in being annoyed at, because after all one can only regard it as an interesting but restricted luxury.—There are those amongst us however who believe that the imagination is not a gift of the elect, but a gift of common humanity.—The imaginative faculty indeed as in any distinguished sense a creative faculty is of course only for this man or for that: but the imaginative faculty as a receptive faculty is a normal part of the initial equipment of us all. When then one begins to concern oneself about Art, the common taunt that one is concerned about something in the final sense trivial, because it merely ministers to the luxury of the elect—is not from the point of view of some of us greatly disconcerting.—That as things nowadays are, Art is too exclusive, too much at the disposal of wealth, too little popular,—this we must admit. I cannot hide away from you what seems to me the fact, and a fact that is extremely lamentable-nevertheless I believe it to be a result of circumstances which however potent are still passing circumstances—not the inevitable result of the constitution of things.— If the imaginative faculty is an initial part of our common nature, and a part upon whose development and gratification hangs so much of our happiness, then when one is interested in art one is interested in something which has issues that are not narrow, but are for all the men and women that breathe with us the

common air, and rejoice with us in the wonders of a common universe.—I have ultimately no interest in art if I am wrong about this.— But '—say you—' the imagination of the majority 'is dormant.'-Yes.--'True and fine art does not appeal to 'them.'-No.-'This is disheartening to you.'-Very disheartening.—'It must make you despair.'—Ah! you are wrong there. It makes me-at any rate in those moments which I feel to be the finest-say to myself, 'What can be done to awaken 'this imaginative nature and to satisfy its desires: there it is a 'world for us all where health and happiness are lying: the 'philistinism and the exclusiveness and the indifference of to-day ' are in possession, but we will not believe that they are the 'powers in whose hands lies the future: to do the best work we 'can, to bring the best work within the reach of as many as 'possible, not to hold ourselves away in cliques and affectations '-at any rate these are contributions towards the solution of 'this problem whose object is the common good—they will 'associate us with the underlying order of things, with the order 'which is working out with whatever gradualness towards the 'development of human beings and their happiness.'—

We put art before the world appreciate-No, for the imagination must develope. people care to look at art brings them within range of influences that may appreciations

V. But as we all know it is one of the weaknesses and it does not even of reasonable and well-meaning people to be extremely impatient of results,—when you have got the But that most length of feeling that the relations and pleasures of art are goods which like the pleasures of nature are for the wide world, it is no doubt disappointing how very awaken new frequently the wide world does not seem to care for in them by- them.—Then you begin to fancy that after all you

and-by. Let were mistaken.—For though indeed most people of popularize art. every class and taste have like children a fancy for pictures, one can scarcely say that this fancy proves their appreciation of art or the enjoyment of its imaginative pleasures.—To the greater number of us a picture is attractive only in the exact measure that it is imitative of such or such a piece of nature as gives us satisfaction.—We admire a landscape for example because we should like to be in the place it represents: or we admire a portrait because we should like to meet the original: or we admire a subject-picture because it tells an interesting incident of familiar life with inevitable skill.—Now I do not say for an instant that to get such enjoyment as this out of art is illegitimate or despicable—but it is not the peculiar service of art that this is what it does for us, nor is this enjoyment the rare and indescribable delight of our imaginations. For Art though it is based on Nature, and is for ever returning to Nature for inspiration, is not an imitation of Nature, but a co-existent world for us with influences and charms of its own. Art is one creation and Nature is another, in the midst of both of which we are to move and enjoy ourselves—Art that is to say—is by no means merely man's more or less clumsy representation of something which already exists independently of him, and which one would have instead if one could get it.—I do not think that this point can be too clearly stated and carefully remembered. But it is not to be expected that the great mass of people nowadays will at once realize its significance: nor is there anything which should stay our hopes when they do not.—The imagination is something which grows, it does not spring out in full strength at once.—It

grows too in a great measure insensibly. Still we have this at any rate to start with, namely, that most of us do care to look at a picture-partly we like to look at it because it reminds us of something that interests us, and partly because we have a pleasing sensation of wonder at the skill which is able to produce it we do not know how.-Well, to have people caring to come and see works of art, even though they get no other pleasure from them than this, is to have them coming within the range of influences, which may develope in them unexpected sources of new appreciations and pleasures.—But we are too impatient of results—we want the root to shoot up and the leaves to unfold and the flower to blossom all in a day.—We cannot have that.— But of what we can have let us make the most: let us do what we may to bring art out from its exclusiveness, to make it popular in the world, to make it a common sight so that people may feel its charms as they do the charms of Nature—the sun, the trees, the sea, and beautiful faces.—

Sometimes we are disappointed because Art doesn't raise morals. — But that is unrearaise morals but to raise happi-

Hence the expression of Art for Art's sake -Art existing merely to give men fine imaginative interests

VI. I must mention another reason which brings disappointment to many who in their enthusiasm for the dissemination of Art fancy that like some magic it sonable - for will elevate the world into goodness, -and behold! it does not.—People again who have no leanings towards art, who are suspicious of it—taunt us with our folly in imagining that art is going to do miracles in making people better.—Ladies and gentlemen, the disappointment is unreasonable, and the taunt pointless.

For let us be quite clear to start with, exactly what it is that Art is to do for the world—do not let us confuse its aims with the aims of something else—and then grow out of all patience with it, because it does not bring about results, which in the very nature of things it is not possible for it to bring about.—

Now to expect of Art that it is to make the world morally better, and to get very disheartened or angry with it, because it does not seem to have this effect, is precisely to fall into this unreasonableness.—It cannot be too sharply enforced that the aim of Art is not to make people good, but to make people happy—it is not to raise their morals, but to raise their pleasures.—It might be fairly argued indeed that in the long run its tendency was to raise their morals as well, though perhaps not altogether along conventional lines: but even if this is so, the moral edification comes about as a side result—it is not in the original purpose—and to distinguish quite accurately between what is the result of anything and what is its purpose, is always of the first importance—and is perpetually being lost sight of.—

Well then, what I am saying is, that to expect moral exaltation as the result of Art is somewhere about the same thing as to expect moral exaltation as the result of the study of Mathematics—it is that is to say, to look along one line of things in expectation of what you might have known in the commencement was only to be found along another line.—It is conceivable of course that the study of Mathematics by giving a man rare intellectual appreciation and enjoyment may raise him ultimately into a carelessness of much that is gross, and by so to say rarifying his faculties in one direction may rarify them more or less in others, so closely interwoven are the different elements

of our nature. And so too it may be with Art. But the proper aim of Mathematics is intellectual, and the proper aim of Art is æsthetic. It is not come among us to teach us how to be good, but to teach us how to be happy: it does not call us into a heaven of righteousness, but into a heaven of pleasures: there is in us a moral nature, and to educate and perfect that is the thing which is of primary importance: but it is not the thing of sole importance: for if the end of life is after all happiness, and if some of the very finest happiness is to be found in the world of the imagination—then to educate and satisfy this imaginative side of us is of importance too.—And this is the function of Art—to open this world of the Imagination to us, and bring us into the enjoyment of it.—

And now when we have taken this primary but too little appreciated idea into us, we are able to give a definite and important signification to a phrase which of late years most of us have heard ad nauseam—the phrase of 'Art for Art's 'sake.'—

I confess to feeling just a little uncomfortable lest in what I am saying at this point about Art I should strike some of you as indicating an indifference for morality, and in consequence as representing Art in such a light that the less well-conducted people have to do with it why perhaps the better.—Just a little uncomfortable I feel, because one is perpetually having experience of how extremely difficult it is to convey one's own impressions and meaning to others, and how curiously even intelligent and well-disposed persons will persist when you explain that such and such a thing seems to you to be white,

in a latent suspicion that after all you mean that you believe it to be black.—I hope however, that I have made exceedingly plain to you all that I am not the least indifferent about morality—and that you will not suppose that I hold it quite immaterial if Art is immoral.—My point is, to re-state it quite simply,—that we must trenchantly distinguish between morality and pleasure: it is of immense importance that we should attend to our morals, but it is of immense importance also, when we see things with a wide comprehension, that we should also attend to our pleasures: now it is with the edification of our pleasures not with the edification of our morals that Art has to do: and it is only when Art confines itself to this proper sphere that it is strong and fruitful of permanent issues.—

Beware of a painter who professes to be painting this or that that he may do people good by it. A true painter paints a thing not that he may do good, but because he is possessed by the idea.—Nor while the painting is going on ought there to be any question of results suggesting themselves to him, but only questions as to whether his ideas are full of fine interest and beauty, and how he may give them adequate expression.—It is true indeed that no man is a real artist without being also a thoughtful one, to whom there come moments when he retires into himself, and cannot help asking what is the use of all his work.—The answer is that it makes for people's enjoyment—it gives them the rare pleasure of fine imaginative interest or beauty—it has its place in that imaginative world which is coexistent with the world of Nature itself for the happiness and benediction of mankind.—Nature then for Nature's sake: and

Art for Art's sake. Nature bringing forth its beauties and satisfied that they are beautiful—we do not ask more of the sunsets and the flowers and the birds.—And Art in like manner creating another world of interests and loveliness-where we may wander and be happy, and ask for nothing more than that the interests are fine and the loveliness lovely.—

This then, ladies and gentlemen, is what I understand by the aim and the duty and the influence of Art: its aim is to give us the pleasures of imagination: its duty is to see that it does so by giving us fine interests and true beauty: its influence is proportioned to the development of our imaginations—and is an important influence for this reason, that some of the finest happiness possible to human nature lies within the imaginative part of us.

One naturally turns to the world's experience of Art .-

The experience has much that contradicts the idea, not necessarily therefore false-

idea has reason on its side, the but only that it has mis-carried.—

VII. But Art is not a new idea in the worldnor the suggestion of an untried experiment. And when one is endeavouring to think it over, and to come at some reasonable idea of what it is and what it but the idea is to do, one inevitably some time or another turns one's thoughts back upon experience, and asks oneself For when an what it has been and what it has done.—Such an appeal as this to the evidence of what is past or is world being so the warted a around us is inevitable and of the greatest service: at facts proves the same time do not let us imagine that it is all—and idea is false, that judging simply from what the world yet knows of Art we can give complete sentence as to the issues of

it.—Mere à priori reasoning is confessedly fallacious: but arguments which are based exclusively upon experience are in

spite of their specious pertinacity fallacious also.-For human history like the history of this or that individual is a record of entangled, contradictory, thwarted circumstances—but of circumstances which are moving forward in spite of all to wider and undreamed of issues.—Therefore when one finds—as is so often the case—that many fine ideas which men have conceived do not seem borne out by facts, nay are even it may be perpetually contradicted by them, it is an obvious temptation to say that the facts are a complete refutation of the truth and feasibility of the ideas.—Not necessarily—they are an evidence only that the ideas have not had full development, that they have been entangled and thwarted.—But it is only a vulgar and closely-restricted mind which declines to believe in the final truth and value of anything which has much experience of realized fact against it—which considers as permanently ascertained only what the world has as yet had demonstrably complete enjoyment of.—The wider-visioned and wiser man feels so forcibly that there is a world of ideas underlying this outward world of experience—he feels so forcibly that this outward world of experience is on the whole so cut across and blocked by conflicting energies,—that if this or that idea commends itself to his best reason and imagination, it is not enough to make him disbelieve it that he cannot shew yet anywhere that it has adequately come into fulfilment—nay that he must confess many times it has been sorely contradicted.— For he believes in the truth of ideas as well as in the truth of facts: the truth of facts is indeed not to be ignored, but the world has not free play enough to make them of overwhelming

insistence: and so he sets his vision still without dismay upon the ideas—for reason which commends their adaptability to the order of things is to say the least of it, as potent a counsellor as experience which can prove no more than that amid thwarted circumstances they have not yet been able to work themselves out.—

Forgive me this long digression: but if we once see clearly this important point it may save us a good deal of anxiety and discomfiture which not unlikely may arise either when we are studying the history of Art for ourselves, or when people not altogether at one with us throw in our teeth the argument—'Yes, your theories are fine: but they are purely mist: see how they melt away the moment you turn on them the light of art experience in the world.'—

For though there has been a great deal of Fine Art in the world—and though there have been times when the Art instinct and appreciation have spread widely and deeply amongst people—no doubt after all these ages of the world's experience it is at moments discomfiting to realize—as we have been trying to realize this afternoon—how much of happiness and therefore of elevation Art seems to have in its power for us—and then to realize how little comparatively it has done for the body of human beings even in the past—how very little it is doing for the body of human beings, or even seems capable of doing, nowadays.—Nay, and the history of Art reveals many positive evils, as well as this wider failure: many jealousies, meannesses, oppressions, demoralizations: so much so indeed that people sometimes tell us that it reaches its highest development only when a nation begins going downwards to decay.—

It is not possible for me in the course of a single lecture where one has-in order to get a general view of the subjectto treat so many important things cursorily-to stop longer about this matter—or—even if I had the historical knowledge—which I must confess to not having-to argue what may be said for and what may be said against these serious reflections.—But there is at least no doubt that the history of Art is full of disappointment-full of fallings away from the idea of Art and of contradictions to it.—So I feel it certainly my duty to make this general confession: and to say what I have been trying to saynamely, that distressing as all this may be, it is not enough to make a reasonable man throw over the idea: if the world was a world where there were no conflicting energies and all ideas had free play-then if facts contradicted them, why that would prove them false: but in a world full of conflicting energies where no ideas have free play, then if facts contradict them they are not necessarily proved false, but only to have miscarried: and if reason remains still on their side, why we will not on insufficient evidence cease to believe in them.—

The classical art of Greece gives perfect form and is the finest school of study: but mere imitation of it as an end is foolish, for it will not satisfy all that moderns want—art always having to be the outcome of present feelings.—

VIII. You will see in the syllabus of this Lecture that I have kept to the common divisions of Classical Art, The Old Masters, and Modern Art.—The expressions are not indeed exhaustive ones, nor very scientific: a wide-reaching examination for instance would feel it necessary to investigate the art of many ages and countries besides those we call classical: nay and this very term itself is in practice suggestive to us

chiefly of the art of Greece alone and of the art of Greece mainly

at a very limited period: the term 'Old Masters' too, opens many questions where limits seem to be extremely arbitrary or misleading: and as to 'modern Art,' where are we to consider it as commencing?—However let these stand as rough terms.—

We all know the devotion which artists and the world pay to the remnants of classical Art. And what a vision it is that those words recall—the Parthenon Frieze, the Venus of Milo!—what a vision of perfected power, of incomparable beauty—of a world in which there was no failure of eye or of hand—where men saw beauty face to face, and drew her without an error!—There is a sense indeed in which one is justified in saying that art touched perfection then as it has never been touched since. Assuredly if you want the unerring representation of physical beauty, its power, its dignity, its serenity—you turn instinctively to Greece—for though elsewhere there may be beauty, and beauty even that touches you more,—here in the art of Greece there is a completeness, a harmony, a satisfaction of perfect balance, that is beyond rivalry.—

And so it is that this which we call classical Art and the Antique remains and remains rightly the standard of form.— The human figure as Greece has left it for us is the selection of whatever is most finely typical in the several parts combined into a whole where nothing jars,—in which you feel the want neither of less nor more.—Nor was this sense of completeness, of harmony, as one might imagine, confined only to that supreme exercise of Art—the representation of the human figure: but the drapery, the composition,—whatever came to

the artist's hand to be done—was stamped with the virtues of this same unerring instinct.—

In speaking like this, ladies and gentlemen, I am not using unbalanced language, or language of merely conventional compliment. It is the universal tribute which nobody can help paying to Grecian Art who knows anything of what Art is.—

Well, then you may imagine that if it is so, Greece must certainly have said the last word on Art—and all that the world has to do now is to try and imitate this classical work as nearly as it may.—

From time to time that idea seems to have taken possession of people. To send students to study from the antique is certainly to send them to study in the very finest school, for it is to bring them face to face with faultless form and serene conception.—But to tell them that there is all that Art can ever do for us, is to be giving them something worse than if we made them study from less complete examples, it is to be giving them a fundamentally false notion of what is the relation between Art and the people amongst whom it flourishes.—For it cannot be too earnestly insisted upon that all true Art reflects the life of its time—one does not of course mean to say by that, that it only reproduces the outward sights which surround itbut that it is the outcome and bears the impress of the real feelings and ideas which move or underlie men then and there. -The Art of Greece was if any ever was, the product of Grecian feeling and circumstance. But the world has moved ages away from Grecian feeling and circumstance into new experiences and new hopes-and to try and imprison modern

art in the art of Greece, would be only to burlesque that very art and to stifle any of our own.—From time to time this imprisonment seems indeed to have been endeavoured. The school of David for example in France professed a complete devotion to the antique—and the result is that the products of the David school are as nothing to us. Or to take a more extreme and ludicrous instance—it was I presume an imagined admiration of classical work which made the last century leave us those inexpressible statues and monuments of English warriors and statesmen posing as Roman Emperors and in togas. Who does not laugh?—

If we turn away from the particular Art we are engaged over and think for an instant of the drama, here the same thing exactly holds and is probably even more obvious.—

Take for example a play of Sophocles—for Sophocles perhaps is to Greek writing what Phidias is to Greek sculpture—its central representative, where nothing is too severe nor too ornate—but where you have faultless form, exact balance, reason not too frigid, nor imagination too unbridled—but everything so harmonious—that as I said just now, one asks for neither more nor less.—

Well as a work of Art a play of Sophocles one may really call perfect—and to study it for its virtues, why no one could do better.—But it is a work of *Greek* Art. It has elements in it which are of course for all time—but set beside it a play of Shakespeare's, and which interests and touches you most?—So far as the form goes there is no comparison—the Shakespeare drama is mere chaos against the irreproachable form of Sophocles:

but you feel that the Shakespeare drama has a fullness, a meaning for you beyond the other: nay its very disorder has meaning and appropriateness—it is the reflection of the modern spirit hurrying on moved with inexpressible emotions—in its marvel at the new worlds that are opening to it.—That is a specimen of the true dramatic art of the modern world: as Sophocles gave us a specimen of the true dramatic art of the Grecian world: both are true art and lasting art, and both are that, because both are the outcome of the real feelings and ideas which moved and underlay the men of those two times.—

So with the Old Masters. —They like Classical Art are supreme for studythey, like it, have left us things beautiful for everbut they, likeit, are our guides not our prison -we learn from them how to paint—what to paint we must learn

IX. When we pass on from the Antique to the Old Masters we find here similar claims upon our devotion, and a similar danger to guard against.—The term 'Old Masters' is indeed as I have said not a very scientific one—it is difficult for example to fix by dates exactly who are to be included in it—and an exhibition of Old Masters which introduces us to the whole range of art from Cimabue to Gainsborough introduces us to much which is indeed as separated from us as the Antique, and to much which is almost as close to us as the work of our contemporaries.—

Still if one is content—as I think we may be content this afternoon—not to attempt and worry ourselves over accurate definition—the expression serves very well to call up before us some of the great and representative names which stand out in the art-history of our modern era-and with whose works, however much we might be at a loss to express ourselves about them with scientific accuracy—we do readily associate certain emphasized motives and manners.—

Thus the names of Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Botticelli, the Van Eycks, Albert Durer, Mantegna, Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Guido, the Caracci, Velasquez, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Teniers, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Claude, Gainsborough, Reynolds—these great names do represent to us a body of Art-work stretching over a period of nearly 600 years—of work infinitely diverse in its aims and methods-but throughout assured in its principles and technical mastery—and for this very reason too, as well as for other and deeper reasons, distinguished not fantastically but really from contemporary achievements and endeavours.—

The changes indeed by which one age with its spirit and characteristics passes on into another, are never sudden-but as gradual and at any one point as undemonstrable as the changes which develope leaves and flowers from stem and bud.—And so it is that in this vast range of Art-work, which we call the work of the Old Masters, we are conscious from time to time that we are looking on at the beginning of aims and movements which are our own modern characteristics, nay, not only at their beginning, but again and again at their frank acceptance and development.—

Still speaking generally there is no doubt a new order to be recognized, which separates contemporary art from the art of the Old Masters, just as there is a new order to be recognized which separated the Old Masters from the classical world-or which separates contemporary scientific or religious or social

ideas from those that have preceded us.—The modern spirit is making demands upon our art just as it is making demands upon our other interests; and modern art will respond to and be impressed by that modern spirit, just as the Art of Greece had relation to the spirit of Greece, or mediæval Art to the mediæval spirit, or Renaissance art to the Renaissance spirit.-It will resent therefore being given over to idolatry of the Old Masters, just as it will resent being given over to idolatry of the Antique.—The truth and value of the Antique is immense and the truth and value of the Old Masters is immense—they have both left us works where our enjoyment is for ever and ever—they both had a security, a mastery, a distinctness of aim and of execution, which makes them the finest school conceivable for study, to which we must return again and again as we return to nature.—But they are our guides, not our prisonguards: there is no revelation to men in this or in anything else once for all given and closed-but there is a continuous revelation: all that has been fine and beautiful in the world remains for ever as the object of our gratitude and wonder and happiness -but not as the end in which we are to rest-or-what that would in reality come to-as the circumscribing and impassable barrier which prohibited the possibility of new visions and wider energies.—Practically that which we have to do is to be sure of our methods-sure of the instruments through which art expresses itself-and nowhere can we arrive at this surety so well as in the schools of the Antique and the Old Masters.—But not to be their satellites and plagiarists—we learn from them how to draw and how to paint-but what we are to draw and what we are to

paint, that must come to us from the inspirations of to-day, from the instinct which is born in us when we are open-eyed and receptive of the influences which are for ever changing and for ever renewing themselves around us.-

Some people think Art has word. — But this is not borne out by with reason .-

Rather modern civilization seems likely to on Art .-

X. Yes-they do change and renew themselves, said its last and that indeed with such completeness of late, that there are people, I am told, intellectual and serious facts—nor is it in accordance people, who feel themselves forced into the lugubrious belief that Art has said last word—that there is a past history of Art and a glorious history it is-but the throw us more and more back world now must go on living upon it, for there is no future—there remains no new development possible in

this mine of human interest quite worked out-for the whole drift of modern instinct and circumstances are against any possible renewal of the Art-spirit to fresh and finer vitalities .-

I do not know what are the precise grounds that make any man come to this dolorous conclusion—and unless one did it would be vanity and vexation of spirit more than enough to stay long over trying to disprove it.—But at least two things occur to me at once, both of which seem to be pertinent here, and pertinent with considerable force.—

In the first place then if a man were to say to me that Art seemed to him to have said its last word, I should suggest that this did not at least on the surface of things appear to be altogether borne out by facts.-For look at the art of Rossetti, of Jean François Millet, of Frederick Walker, of Corot. These are four names of practically contemporary artists: they are all men whose works are of the first water-whose works are steeped in

the modern spirit—and whose works are as separated from any that have preceded them in motive and in execution as the works of any one period hitherto have ever been from those of another.—

In the second place, supposing that it were not so; supposing you could not point to any contemporary art except such as was too poor to be called fine art or too plagiaristic to be in any sense modern art; or supposing, what indeed does not seem very reasonable,—but inasmuch as some unreasonable things are not unknown amongst us, conceivable at least—supposing anyone refused to see either the modern spirit or fineness in Rossetti or Millet or Walker or Corot:—then what could be said to him in answer to this despair of his over the matter?—I think something—I think we might fall back in that case upon ideas and pure reasonableness.—

And they are not such bad things to fall back upon when facts are against you; for as I have already tried to explain, the world being what it is, ideas are worth as much as facts, and to some of us in a multitude of cases worth even more.—

Well then, as long as there is an imaginative part in our nature, so long we shall desire and delight in the invention and expression of fine interests and of beauty, that is to say we shall desire and delight in art: and so long, if we are to have some of the rarest pleasures we are capable of, must there be art to supply them.—Nay, and indeed, as far as we can judge, the function of the imagination is so long a way from being set at naught for us by modern circumstances, that modern circumstances are likely to throw us more and more back upon it: the

development of science for example, or the fact that we gather together in large and spreading towns and lose so much of direct contact with nature—these two things which are characteristics of modern civilization, and which are often considered evidences against the possibility of Art in times to come-seem to me, I confess, to be reasons rather why we shall want art all the more -and I see nothing in them which is inevitably destructive of art-energies, when we once come to understand that the world of the imagination is as distinct from the intellectual world say, as the intellectual world is from nature—that it is a world of its own for us with its peculiar laws and joys.—

This thought we might work out at great length, but not now. I only hint at it, so to say, as showing what may be said for art on the ground of ideas and pure reasonableness, when anyone despairs and thinks it is all over.—However—as I said a moment ago-I do not believe we are yet driven back into this final stronghold, but that for the present at all events facts as well as ideas are on our side.—

No despair of Art.-Conworks show

XI. I do not feel then that we have come here to sing a requiem for Art this afternoon. As a giant distinct characteristics it will renew its strength and rejoice to run its course. which are proofs of —I am not a prophet, ladies and gentlemen, I cannot tell you just what that course is going to be.—Nor is it possible to estimate what is around us with the same security, with the same value, that we estimate what has passed—you must be at a certain distance to take things in.—But in conquite at one with what we call the modern spirit, and extremely suggestive—for they seem to indicate movement and therefore life in this imaginative sphere just as there is movement and life in the sphere of science or of social interests.— For instance, in modern representative work—to keep to those four names we have already mentioned as examples, Rossetti, Millet, Walker, Corot—I think anyone comparing it as a whole with the work of the old masters, will be struck as against their distinctness, containedness, simplicity, and serenity; with its complexity, restlessness, and vagueness, and emotion, and suggestiveness in place of delineation, and impressionism in place of literal transcription—and this alike in execution and in motive.—I do not mean to say that these qualities are better than the qualities that preceded them—we are not discussing the question of better or worse—but only that they are different, only that they are of the modern spirit—only that they indicate movement and life, and so far that is hopeful -is it not?

All of us who are interested of Art let us cultivate these two things-

XII. Ladies and gentlemen, will you bear with in the future me if I finish this lecture with a little piece of preaching? If we are interested in this future of art, feeling 1. Catholicity that so much may be done by it for people's elevation and happiness, it does seem to me that there are two things upon which we should keep our eyes constantly and strive after—two things which if one may judge from what one sees about one, there are many temptations to make us forget or be careless of—the first is to cultivate a catholic spirit—and the other is to be sincere.—

The world of the Imagination is like the world of Nature in this that it is full of Diversity. Just as some people will for evermore like these aspects of nature best and some people like those-some people like mountains or wild deserts or rough seas best, and some people the country, or long level stretches or the silver windings of the rivers best-so will it be evermore in Art—and to some that which is most realistic will be best and to others that which is most inventive—to some that which is most akin to common things and to others that which is most mystic-to some that which is richest in colour, to others that which is most delicate—to some that which is most defined in form, to others that which is most suggestive.-This is in the nature of things and will not change.—Well let us try and understand it. It is inevitable that we shall find certain particular aspects of art which will most attract us-to care about all equally is only possible to a man who is equally indifferent about all.—But the thing to beware of is the fancy that in the work of this school or this man we have got the unum necessarium-and to look down upon other schools as affected or as philistine or as vulgar.—I do not mean that there is no such thing as bad art-for alas! there is a great deal too much—and whatever there is we cannot speak out against it too plainly.—But let us remember that there may be plenty of genuine art in which other people may quite properly find their delights, though it does not delight us particularly—and let us cultivate a spirit catholic enough to embrace this too, though our devotions are reserved for elsewhere.--

2. Sincerity— And then let us be sincere.—Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri—said the Roman poet—' We will 'shape our faith to the bidding of no man.'—

Some few months back I chanced to go to the Gaiety one evening with a friend of mine to see that excellent Burlesque 'The Forty Thieves'.-Well, there happened to come and sit down in the next seat to me an old gentleman-a charming old gentleman—a frequenter of the clubs evidently who seemed to have really an omniscient acquaintance with all that had ever been played and all that had ever been sung in every theatre and hall of this vast metropolis.—It was just about the time when Wagner's Niblung's Ring was coming out at Her Majesty's-and as was very natural, while we were waiting for the curtain to rise we fell to talking about Wagner-and the old gentleman expressed some very plain opinions on him, and on his work, and on his way of bringing it out-opinions no doubt which were insular, patriotic, derisive, grotesque.-Byand-by as the burlesque advanced we came—I think it was to that air—with which some of you no doubt are familiar— "We'll never go back no more, friends"—a delightful air, to which I must confess having listened myself many times with extreme satisfaction—as who must not when it is given with all the go and the drollery and the infectious fun of that vivacious company?—but the old gentleman could contain himself no longer-" There, sir" he cried-" listen to that! Talk about "Wagner, sir: Wagner couldn't compose a tune like that if "he was to try from now till Doomsday."-Well a few days afterwards I happened to tell this story to Mr. Burne-Jones.

'Ah!' he said 'now I like that old gentleman. He didn't 'care a bit about Wagner—and he wasn't going to say that he 'did—and I like him for it.'—And so we ought to like him—and let him admonish us at the end of this lecture: for 'Fas 'est et ab hoste doceri'—'one may learn even from one's 'enemy'—not indeed that this old gentleman was an enemy, but an open-hearted, unpretending, kindly, honest soul—to whom and to whose like I hope I may never become too isolated to care to take off my hat, and shake hands with if they will let me. I like him not because of his philistinism, nor because he talked nonsense, nor because he was not too careful of his criticisms—but because he was too virtuous to be hoodwinked, or to pose, or to say that black was white because somebody told him to.—

Ladies and gentlemen, to listen to the best that has to be said on the matter—not to be always giving out our own opinions where they will wound—not even when we are sure they are true to think every occasion is a proper occasion for expressing them—to wait open-souled and ready to give all new influences free-play—these are the duties of everybody who cares for Art, and desires to do something for the future of it: and in these virtues no doubt this good gentleman I have been quoting to you was deficient.—But never to pretend we like a thing when we do not like it, no matter what is the authority that commends it—never to pose, to make cliques, to be overstrained and unbalanced—these are necessary virtues too.—Let us see that they are ours.—

The rest is out of our hands. We cannot foretell

the future, nor force it on—we can only prepare ourselves for it. For myself—may I live in the faith that it will bring with it wider interests and finer beauties than we have ever dreamed.—

SELWYN IMAGE.





FORENOON ECHOES OF LOVE'S EVENSONG."

Having long felt that the completeness of our national collection of pictures—a collection finer than any in the world—makes our gallery peculiarly serviceable in providing splendid series of examples, that adequately illustrate the history of art, I now catch this opportunity our periodical offers, of putting it to some such historic use.

I do this by commencing in the present number to give such notes on certain typical pictures, as may best help one to take a sympathetic view of art, along the line of gradual advance marked out by the works there collected: at the same time to note by what close links painting as it has matured itself, is bound to the many various other, yet correlative media of the mind's expression such as poetry, music, and sculpture.

I hope too, as we gather up these notes, the attention of readers may be drawn not only to the intimate correspondence between the art of a people and that people's life, but to the sequential connection between schools and periods long distant; between separate works considered as successive attempts to forecast the coming heart influence of man's

morrow; attempts whose splendid fulfilment is found in Cecil Lawson's "August Moon"—a work embodying the selfsame sentiments is to be found in Margheritone's "Mary," whose symbol was ever—this maid satellite that borrows her pale sheen from the Parent Sun.

ARTHUR H. MACKMURDO. MCG.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

From the breakup of the Western Empire by Odoacer' to the consolidation of the Italian republic commemorated by the year of Florentine victories, and the extinction of the house of Hohenztauffen by death of Conrad IV.2, Italy was the wreck of its former self—helpless she lay, despoiled, ruptured, naked, bleeding; stifled by the grasping clutches of greedy popes, cut to pieces by the sword of warrior-despots, scathed and spoiled by ruthless barbarians. In such piteous plight, when work was a degradation, agricultural life most perilous, civic life quite insecure, art was of course impossible. With sword in hand, man snatched his mouthfuls of coarse meal, and so hard was the struggle for life, that neither leisure nor energy was left from which art might breed a balm to salve the harshness of man's battling life.

Circumstances had developed in all people, two strong concomitant characteristics; carelessness of life, and craze for battle; and this at a time when it so happened that a splendid

opportunity was given for the satisfaction of both these, by the rising antagonistic power of the heretic Turks. No sooner had the war cry been given than every man was up in arms to join the Holy War, or bloody crusade, which while gratifying the relentless spirit of the day effected two important results. First, they evolved the germ of popular consolidation out of which the free republics grew; secondly, they planted strong desire in the hearts of the Western people for an industry and learning which should make them possessors of that attractive luxury and culture which they saw with envious eye in the East.

So soon then as the first heated enthusiasm had burned itself out, the people of the West took deep to heart the lesson which failure of conquest, peril and plague had at length taught them, namely this, that it were more profitable to work at home than war abroad. The people therefore settle down in their own countries. Germany and France soon constitute themselves into nations; the former under Otho the Great; the latter under Philip Augustus.²

Italy, so long the common prey of Pope and Emperor, is unable from its peculiar situation and antecedents to consolidate itself into a nation; but nevertheless the same spirit working among them compels the Italian peoples to segregate into compact groups and form independent republics, the better to withstand those external forces which in the past had so torn Italy to shreds and well nigh threshed her out into lifeless dismemberment of parts. But South Italy is still ruled by

French despots, and Rome abandoned by the Papacy, so North Italy alone independent and consolidated, becomes the centre of commerce, the nursery of art, and cradle of the new learning. Florence, the most central, compact and strong of the Northern republics, becomes first and chief in the new movement—the bank of Europe; the academy of the Western World; the university of renaissance learning. A few years and this attempted consolidation becomes more definite and extended: first the several cities form themselves into a league, next the merchants of all cities incorporate themselves into the Hanseatic league; 2 then we find the artizans forming themselves into guilds; the scholars into universities [Padua and Bologna]—the religious, into monastic orders [Dominicans,3 Franciscans 4]. At the same time the language of the people rendered plastic by infusion of new sounds and forms from intermixture of northern races is cast in a finer mould, more fit to medium the modern thought.

This consolidation is followed by a security unknown before; a security that protects industry, an industry that breeds wealth, and a wealth that before it enervates, nurtures art. But sculptors and painters are not born and matured in a day, they can only arise with the development of art from industry, and consequently the first artists must be artizans: the first to practise painting, sculpture and architecture, the goldsmiths and mosaicists; as in our own day the first philosophers have risen from among the chemists and engineers.

The old religion affected by the active spirit of the day is

¹ 1157. ² 1245. ³ 1216. ⁴ 1224.

galvanized into a new life, and large churches are built as auditoria of the preaching orders. But the cost of mosaic for internal decoration is too great, its execution too tedious, which things force the mosaicist to fresco his walls instead of inlaying them with mosaic. Again, the chief feature in the religious revival being the veneration of saints, there is a great demand for reliquaries,—shrines that in the old days were most costly, made wholly in metal, and closed by doors decorated with figures in enamel on grounds of wrought gold. No longer able to indulge in this richness, the goldsmith is now obliged by force of economy to produce his effects with paint, and leaf of gold for aureole and ground-work.

In this way arises out of these two art industries, the more special art of painting. But the demand for sculpture, in images of the Virgin, &c., is not less, and sculptors not previously existing in Italy, the first to practise the art would naturally be workers in the precious metals. Thus from best industries is art evolved.

Italy had inherited not only many of the art treasures of Greece and Rome, but also a certain predisposition to refinement, culture and artistic design: no sooner therefore was the new spirit set free than she made rapid strides in art progress, and though degraded lower than the northern nations during her ruin and depression, the little leaven of ancient inheritance took not long to leaven the whole lump, and Italy soon overtook her conquerors and led the western world in the new advance.

The encyclopædic character of the artists at this time, was

incidental to the incomplete and indefinite character of the arts in their infancy, and it wanted only time for the artists to mature indefiniteness of aim and general executive power into definiteness of intention and specialized skill. This was greatly helped by the general spirit of the times. For the new spirit that was awakened by the Crusades was chiefly characterized by its repugnance to arbitrary rules: freedom was the by-word of the age—freedom from arbitrary rulers, freedom from arbitrary dogmas. The people insist on choosing their own political rulers, their own moral guides; and dare to modify the external world for their own behoof. The people's success in this emboldens them to cherish as a belief, what had long been a priest-hushed wish, that divinity was to be found in humanity incarnate in the flesh and not outside of it; a blessing attached to world knowledge afore accursed; and fullest liberty found in obedience to cosmic laws. This belief as it speeds through the popular mind, revolutionizes art, thought, and eventually society: yet for long the church—sole patron of art—herself dictates to the artists all subjects for their chisel and brush. Consequently, the artist's personality is for some time overshadowed by the arbitrariness of the subject; and it is only in suppressed whisper of subordinate detail that he can give expression to personal sentiment and natural conviction. However, little by little the human element wins its way at the expense of the theological, until art is as thought, relatively free, spontaneous, and human.

The poets not having their subjects dictated to them by the theologians, were freer far in their expression of sentiments, and more advanced in thought than were the creed-clogged painters and sculptors. While the painters are depicting the hell torments of the damned and memorializing earth tortures of the saints, the poets are singing love lays to their 'Lauras' and writing epics to speak the praise of human heroism. The supernatural losing its attractiveness and colour in the more glorious glow of human sentiment gradually fades away, yet to give place for a while, to the 'metaphysical' introduced with the incoming tide of classical literature.

The chief characteristics of Italian art, so soon as it was free to choose its own form, were those of its natural parent, Greek art. Habit, inherited from a classical past, when art was essentially selective and decorative, had given the Italians a power of seeing things artistically—not analytically but synthetically, not as parts but as wholes.—Hence they were able to catch the significance or dominant spirit of everything they chose for presentation; which habit compelled them unconsciously to eliminate the non-essential from the essential; giving as a result an ideal embodiment of the sources that fed their sentiment. Resultant conceptions, therefore, and not simple observations regulate all artistic expression: the Italian artists painting things not so much as they see them, but as they like to think of them: hence the poetic character of their art: hence their power of appeal to children who, blind to conventionality of art, are joyed by the brightness and beauty of pictorial presentations.

Their corresponding sense of design leads to most harmonious and decorative treatment of subject, a feature which akin to the poetic is so strong, that it often seduces the eye, and through this the mind, into false satisfaction with work

which is richer in lovely hue than beautiful in loveliness of sentiment.

In the study of Italian art these characteristics should be borne well in mind, as they give a key to the greatest treasures of renaissance art; also indicative of an aim which if not understood and sympathized with, hinders all enjoyment and makes appreciation impossible.

In the German, Flemish, and French schools—the Gothic, that is—we shall see, instead of this intellectual idealism, a realism that produces a very different kind of art and appeals to very different orders of association.¹

As for the Gothic spirit, this never found a genial home in Italy, being not only uncongenial in its harsher nature to the Southern climate, but antagonistic to the classic traditions upon which all Southern art was based and out of which its beauty sprang. The first important Gothic building in Italy was the Franciscan church of Assisi: the last, Giotto's Bell Tower of Florence; this covers but the short period of 150 years, and is but a parenthesis in the long cycle of classicism through which Italy revolved. How far it affected painting we shall see in our study of the works themselves.

In the art of painting, the first exponent of the new movement was Cimabue, of whose work we are fortunate in possessing a fairly characteristic example. With but one or two exceptions, we possess some work of every painter who in the Italian school either made a definite advance or else marked one, from this Cimabue to Michel Angelo, in whom the

¹ Vide reference to Birket-Foster's art, in "Guild Flag's unfurling," page 6.

mediæval movement, so far as Italy was concerned, culminated. In Buonarotti the mediæval spirit became matured and attains an honoured old age, at the same time that the modern spirit shows sign of its infant life.

In order then to obtain a connected view of the art of Italy in the day of its "New Birth;" in order to see the work of each painter in right relation to that preceding and succeeding it; lastly, in order to understand the general direction of artistic progress and the value of each man's work in furthering this, we must have some glimpse of the goal towards which all this art was by such gradual steps advancing. We have spoken of this aim as the free and unfettered presentation of man's mental aspect of things; the lovely shrining of those tender touches of human sentiment most deeply affecting us all. And understanding this, we shall have better chance of comparing the value of individual aims, and the success of particular accomplishments, as they come before us in a study of the priceless works collected together in our National Gallery.



MARGHERITONE OF AREZZO.

1216-1293.

"Mary and Christ; with Scenes from the Lives of the Saints."

This Margheritone, we are told, was "held most excellent of those painting after the Greek manner"—and of these, too, he was the last to whom this manner was natural; as the crystallized Greek manner was now being left for one new and more plastic. Painting had been up to this time bound by its alliance with ecclesiastical traditions, and so far enforced to maintain the same unchanging form, as retained the dogmas and the ritual it embellished. Being thus the servant of the church, it was, like its mistress, conservative and conventional.

Imagine language at the present day to be under the absolute dominion of a church; a priesthood compelling you to express yourself after a 'manner' formed a thousand years ago, forbidding you to coin any new word, to express a new idea—imagine your not merely having to read the "Times" as the curate is accustomed to read the lessons in church, but your having to write it in bible English of the year 900, and you will understand the position of painting at the time of Margheritone. However, there happily comes a time when forms held holy, have to give way before the more sacred laws

¹ Margheritone excelled in sculpture and architecture even more than in painting.

of popular necessity; but since the dry shell of these dead forms often has to protect the tender germ of the new live spirit, we must therefore beware of attaching too much importance to the intrinsic value or significance of forms used during this transition period, as of inferring the nature of the spirit, from the ancestral form in which it is cradled. The spirit of an age can best be discerned in that which is freest from inherited conventionality—in that is, the newspaper, better than in the pulpit. If then we want to know the spirit of the thirteenth century, we must not rashly judge it by its pictures only, but more correctly, as has been said in the introduction, by its poetry. For instance, at this time painting limits itself exclusively to the illustration of theology and martyrology; while poetry is enrapturing the senses with its passionate themes of human love and military glory. The painter aghasts by the pictured terrors of hell, the poet saddens by doleful sighs of woeful love.

This picture then, as compared with the poetry of its day, does not belong to the thirteenth century, but to the third. It is no more thirteenth century in spirit than the last new Gothic church is nineteenth century. But it has, for this reason perhaps, the greatest interest, since it shows us, how impossible it is to judge of the ideas of a people, by a single class of events, or singular mode of expression; interesting too, because it gives us a true glimpse of an age, a decade and a half of centuries ago.

For instance, the humanity of Christ is not yet awhile even hinted at, his divinity alone being insisted upon. From cradle to cross he lived, and is yet thought to live, but to bless and to curse his only half fellow man. This then is the reason why the young God is here represented in the form of a man child: erect: with the assumed dignity of an adult, as after the manner of the priests in the Greek church, he raises his hand to bless the faithful, making with his infant fingers the symbolic monogram of 'Inoove Xpiotós.'

Mary likewise is here thought of, as the Virgin, elect of God to be the Mother of God: not as the Mother of Jesus, the Mother of man's highest humanity.

Again the world is thought of as a place made hideous with evil, bearing in its constant decay, in its ruin and wreck of life around—marks of the serpent's trail over its past Eden beauty: where now saints are boiled by pagans; women slain by seducers; children devoured by dragons. By help then of such pictured hell deeds were men taught to "loathe this base world and think of Heaven's bliss." For this picture is the outcome of an age, when men were bribed to virtue by promise of other-world reward, and withheld from vice by fear of worse-world torment: when those unable to agree with the creed of the majority, were summarily killed or cruelly tortured: when dogma was as clearly, and as unhesitatingly to be accepted, as these clearly defined and strictly conventional lines on the drapery of the Mary and Christ: when credulity was as simple, as is the representation of events here depicted: any sense

¹ The first finger is straight, the second slightly curved, the thumb holds down the third, the fourth slightly curved. In the Latin form the thumb with first and second fingers are extended.

of repulsion at butcherly bloodshed, or moral prohibition of cruel death, as absent in the people, as in this picture. However, before religion, and life were one, the people were, in matters connected with their religion, far more cruel and coarse of mind than in other matters; so we must not think the age as brutal in its home life, as it is here presented in its religious life. But bound as the artist is by the dictates of a church, we can see traces of better things to come—and quaint as is the drawing of Mary's face, we can read between its hard lines, the suggestiveness of solemn calm: the expression of a thought that anticipates sad eventful future for the child. And this expression we here find is a new feature, all earlier work being quite expressionless in the effort to picture inhuman divinity.

As matters of detail, we may note that Christ with his left hand holds the roll in which are written the names of the faithful saved: this indicating again, that Mary's son is thought of chiefly as a judge. As for Mary; she wears on her head the fleur-de-lys coronet, symbol of her purity—and outside the 'vescica' enclosing her, are four Jewish symbols (Ezek. i. 10), adopted as emblems of the four Evangelists. On the right and on the left, again, are four subjects from the lives of the Saints.

The first of the four subjects on your left, represents the birth of Christ in a cattle shed, formed as they so often are in Italy, out of a steep bank side, within which shed cattle look wonderingly over the manger crib; while without, angels sing the new song, and tell the strange story to the shepherds, as they tend their flocks of goat and sheep, that lowly browse on

the shrubs of the hill side, where Joseph sits meditating on the wondrous things that have this night come to pass.

Next to this, in the martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist, we see the then prevalent conception of spiritual power, as it is given the martyr in rending hour of need, symbolized under angel's form, first to uphold, then to carry to Abraham's bosom the spirit of the saint, by sin and time untouched. By virtue of this power he stands uncompelled and calm, midst the cauldron of seething oil; his uplifted hands expressing prevalent, but seldom practised belief in Christ's precept, 'Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'

The third subject depicts incidents in St. Catherine's life; St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of education and philosophy,—whose legends together with those connected with St. Nicolas, were brought by the crusaders from the East,—was next to Mary, the most popular saint. She was the daughter of a Queen, and when it came that she should govern her people; shunning the responsibility and preferring wisdom before sovereignty, she shut herself in her palace to give her mind to the study of philosophy. Whereupon for this wilful seclusiveness her people wish her to marry an husband who would fulfil the duties of government, and lead them in war days to battle; but she to prevent this repugnant union, makes one more spiritual, by her marriage with Christ. For this and other unworldly persistencies she gets her head cut off by the Emperor Maximin.

The three acts here depicted in rude symbolic way, are first, her beheading; secondly, her soul's reception by an angel;

thirdly, the burial of her body by two angels on Mount Sinai.

The fourth subject on this side is taken from the life of S. Nicolas, the patron saint of marriageable maidens, schoolboys and sailors. The patron saint of the bourgeois, as St. George, of the Knight. He here appears suddenly to some sailors to exhort them throw overboard a vase, given by the devil, and which, if retained, will bring upon them fatal disasters at sea.

In the fifth subject we see St. John resuscitating the body of Drusiana—a matron who had lived in his house previous to his departure—and whose bier he has happily chanced to meet on his return to Ephesus.

In the next subject we have a new and at this time favourite theme in religious art. St. Benedict, founder of the Benedictine order, is here depicted in the act of throwing himself into a thicket of briars and nettles, as he rushes from his cave to rid himself of the recollection of a beautiful woman he had once met in Rome, and whose image now sorely tempts him to leave his solitude.

Thanks to this discipline of the past, our nature now gives us leave to relieve the calm of solitude, with the charm of society.

In the seventh, St. Nicolas liberates three innocent men, who by the prefect of his city were to be mercilessly executed.

The eighth presents St. Margaret, Patron saint of women in childbirth, whom the devil, in hideous form of dragon, confronts to terrify into abnegation of her Christian faith.

Unable to make her abjure her faith, he devours her; but the beast thereupon doth burst in the midst, and by power of the cross she emerges unhurt. It is interesting to observe that the two consecutive acts are here shown as co-existent; a thing frequently done in early art.

How truly the people at this time had believed in these legends of the saints, this picture unerringly shows; how unreservedly they did at this time believe them, their every day actions proved. Indeed, had they not possessed this full belief, such frank and innocent representation would have been distasteful; further, had they not lively pictures in their own minds of these events, such simple suggestions as are here given would have been felt sadly insufficient. Beside, as the representation becomes more complete and realistic, unbelief comes in; because this attempted realism necessarily brings to light incongruities between newly discerned facts and the old fictions of the mind. A characteristic feature in the work of this period is the 'grotesque,' introduced as a means of relief from the strained seriousness of life, in these harsh times. It is seen here in the animals that support the throne, which remind one of like grotesques found in our own churches and abbeys, where the severe discipline imposed by the execution and contemplation of religious subjects, has likewise caused the pent-up humour of man to burst out from time to time, in monsters that grin from 'neath the throne of God, and in monks that grimace in His sanctuary.

This reaction seen in the grotesque, is as significant as the action of the distinctly religious spirit; the true spirit being found in the resulting equilibrium between this excessive humour and excessive fear.

It is well before leaving this picture to note a few facts about the age in which it was painted. It was an age of bloodshed, battles were every day being fought either between Guelf and Ghibeline—the men of the Pope and men of the Emperor—(Frederic Barbarossa), or between the tyrannical rulers of the newly arisen republics—such as the Torriani or Visconti and the people.

It was a time when the great battle was being fought out between the interests of the Church, and the interests of the people. Rome had obtained its last victory in the fall of the Hohenstaufen, and was proudly compelling obedience to its now purely dogmatic religion. The Church was insisting upon forms, while vital belief was so absent that to withstand the growing corruption of the clergy, the people were forced into forming the religious orders—in some way analogous to the formation in our day of the salvation army, and charity organization societies.

Again, to uphold the dogmatic religion which was at this time fast giving way, the people were prohibited the scriptures, and with what result we know.

With regard to social life, this was at this time exceedingly hard; manners were also rude, man and wife eating from the same plate; while the simple rough tanned skin, fastened with bone, was the sole garment of all inferior to the knight. Under these conditions the mind of the people must have been ever oscillating between groundless hope and ghostly fear; full

of images of terror, ghastly death and grotesque belief. Nor could feelings at such a time be other than harsh and untender, belief uncompromising and unthinking. With party battles and bloody sectarian persecutions as familiar scenes, with poverty of life, coarseness of manner and compulsion of thoughtless creed, from which there was no escape, in which no improvement possible; how can we expect art to have been free from those strange characteristics that were woven into the very tapestry of their lives? It were miraculous had it been otherwise.

CIMABUE.

1240-1306.

"My LADY AND CHILD."

This painter was chief among those who struck the first notes of the new music that was sure to bring with it such sweet and tender harmonies; harmonies to which the newly awakened domestic sentiments gave such ready response. The first faint whisper of this note struck in one of Cimabue's pictures, re-echoed with such force in the responsive hearts of the people of his city, that his picture was carried in stately procession through her streets to its destination, by princes and nobles accompanied; and as glad memorial of the day and of the "new birth," was the quarter henceforth called, the "joyful." What this new note was, we shall at once know when we turn from Margheritone to Cimabue. In sentiment there is an

interval of five hundred years between the two, in actual execution but twenty-five. However, the great difference lies in the new conception of the subject: and this new conception was the cause of the popular excitement at the time Cimabue's picture was painted. The reason this sentiment was so long in finding expression in art, is due to the fact, that a feeling must arise and linger in the mind long before it can find artistic expression: it must exist, long before art will set its seal upon it and define its shape. When at last it does find artistic expression, when that is, it is associated with forms and colours that are of themselves familiar sources of pleasure: then is the pleasure complete and the new conception fully enshrined. So was it in this case.

Now, what we may ask, is the aim of this picture, as distinguished from the aim of Margheritone? Clearly to give the same subject, a truer character of humanity, by expression of human sentiments. Instead of the formal image of an ideal personage, one of unlike passions with ourselves, one above sense of human sympathies, we have the loving representation of a character, dear to man, because the loveliest type of all Maries and Mothers, the most perfect exponent of that feeling which was centred in and around this lately born family life. This new tinge of homely feeling which Cimabue introduced gave new life and new meaning to the old story, and touched all hearts to the heart's core. Especially impressive was this new rendering at a time when the quaintness which we perceive; the rudeness which stands so much in the way of some, was certainly not seen by those who rejoiced over Cimabue's work

in the day of its gladdening completion. Imagine one you held most dear raised suddenly from the still breathless trance, to speaking life, and the pleasure then experienced would be of the same kind, as that experienced by these Florentines in Cimabue's time. The Mary and Christ round whom their affections centred, were now living realities—no longer the dead forms of an unthinkable creed. No longer do we see the compelled adoration of a Divine Lord and his mother—and compulsion by command of creed-but the unconscious adoration of the domestic life, personified by a Mother and her child under the most perfect and well known types, and this the result of a natural but newly awakened feeling. Hence the change in the attitude. For the painter's conception of Mary and Christ, as types of Mother and Child, naturally leads him to take for his models the living mother and babe in his own house; and by virtue of a new incentive; by virtue of fresh inspiration from nature, he is forced to new effort after more vital expression.

[It is interesting to see how completely this new conception is impressed in the figures which are daily put into Roman Catholic chapels of this country. Today in these statues the child looks at and points to the 'Mother.' His thoughts are centred where He wishes your thought to be—through Him in the Mother of the family—the Mother that travailed for you, trained you, and gave you as best inheritance her hourly life of love.

So far have we got from Margheritone by help of Cimabue.]

Art has at length broken the chains, by which theology held it in the stocks of dogmatic conventionalism; and the artist is

left free to bring his subjective conceptions into ever more perfect harmony with—if I may so call them—objective experiences. His conceptions are henceforth to be based on personal experiences: and the importance of this can hardly be exaggerated, for until this conventional bond had been broken that bound man to ritual of expression, no advance could have been made; as we see in the present day is the case, with painting in the Greek church, where the archaic forms are still held sacred and inviolable. Here in this new rendering, the Mother's attitude is in its conception, natural; the babe sitting on the arm as the painter had observed in the life of his own home. 'By simple endeavour, to represent mothers as I love to see them,' says Cimabue; 'shall I be best able to give to my representation of the Queen of Mothers, strong and vital impressive power in touching the hearts of men, women and children.' And despite the inexact delineation of features and limbs, this picture does convey to those whose feeling is not heart-sucked by South Kensington scholasticism, a strong and beautiful impression. Moreover, to fulfil its power of appeal, the painter has gone to the beautiful girls of Florence, to find models for his angels, to whom also he has given much natural grace and expression.

It should be remembered this great change of aim and feeling was born of the crusades. The Holy Wars had brought the entire people of the West, into close contact with the more refined and luxurious races of the East; and so soon as these wars were suspended, a new life set in, which resulted from the strong incentive the Western people had received, to acquire that

culture, refinement and wealth, which they had seen in the East.

From the Arabs the sense of chivalry came to Europe, and with them came the study of Aristotle, which with the new necessity for the study of languages and science, gave rise to the establishment of universities in the large cities. The industrial development brought comfort and increased intelligence to the working classes, heightening their moral tone and encouraging independent thought. Woman as a necessary consequence found her true position in the family, and all the elements of domestic life were now being fast developed and coordinated. The result of this was, that home and industrial life modified considerably the old forms of belief, giving religion a new life, which when wealth allowed leisure for culture found expression in art. Thus it was that at this time, there were thrown up so many poets and painters, who in their minstrelsy and painting, embodied in the old forms this new spirit of chivalry and domesticity, which was the immediate result of the crusades; the marked characteristic of this century. The Theological religion is henceforth left to the schools of so called Philosophy: the new life having recast in its own mould, a new, larger and life-woven religion. the same time the Greek traditions are cast off, and the personal nature becomes anew the supreme authority in art, as in religion.

In Margheritone's work we get some glimpse of this new life; but it is bound in the grave cloth of Greek traditions; while in Cimabue, on the other hand, we see a very marked change: the art being now bound only by the swaddling bands of its own infancy.

It is to this new born spirit which refers all things to personal experiences received from without, instead of to the dictates of conventional precedent, that we owe our Bacon, Newton, Huxley and Spencer, of whom Cimabue must be considered a true precursor, in his own sphere of work.

The colour of this picture, though still lovely, is but a shadow of what it was in its original glow of gold, and purity of tint. For instance, the green and purple of the Mother's dress have turned to a dark and dusky tone. But we may note what great advance is here made in the shading of the colours, where we see an early attempt to represent the light and dark masses of drapery; the new school not being satisfied with a flat tint covered by ideally beautiful lines to symbol folds. And then in the throne we get another interesting feature, where we see the conjoint elements of Northern and Southern art: Goth meeting Greek. But how softened and quieted are the pinnacles and crockets: their fitful and excited spirits laid to sleep in this soft sunny air of Italy: the inlay again, how rich and gorgeous in the hands of these people who more than the Greeks delighted in colour. The feeling for pure and unyielding symmetry is strong, as in all early art, and shown here not only in the general arrangement of the picture, but in the smallest details; in the attitudes of the corresponding angels on either side: in the quaintly graceful curving of the riband ends that bind their hair, and in the position of their hands. There is yet but one plane represented, no retiring back of any figures. All in arrangement and treatment is as

superbly simple as it can be: simple tints but slightly broken by colour of darker hue: simple symmetry but slightly broken by trivial difference of repetition: simple plane practically unbroken. In this and in Margheritone's picture these qualities evidence supremest sense of design, and both these works should be carefully studied by all who would know what is required to make a picture. For in the case of each of us individually is it true that from such simple beginnings is the gradual evolution of art wrought out.

This picture was in the church of Sta Croce, Florence.

Note. -Margheritone picture Nat: Gall: Room xvii. No. 564. Cimabue, No. 565.

To be continued.





"DAY OF ALL THE DEAD."

DECEMBER 31, 1883.

In the Positivist's Calendar the last day of the year is sacred as the "Festival of all the Dead." The solemn commemoration service, held annually in all "Churches of Humanity," was marked this year, at Newton Hall, by the performance of a choral cantata, composed for the occasion by Mr. Henry Holmes, to George Eliot's well-known lines, beginning, "O

may I join the choir invisible."

The proceedings were opened by an address from Mr. Frederic Harrison, who dwelt chiefly on the associations of the day, appealing, as they do, to thinkers, of whatsoever creed; to all, in fact, who have living memories in the past which tend to mould their present efforts towards a nobler future. He pointed to those men of genius in all ages whom we agree to call Immortal, whose works, discoveries and ideas constitute the foundation and enter into the structure of all subsequent thought and action; reminding his hearers how, far more now than during their mortal lives, these men are ever-present in the every day life of every human being. From this kinship,—by inheritance,—with the greatest minds, follows the universal kinship and interdependence of all minds, in virtue of which we live again after we are dead in the lives of those who may be

called our spiritual children; our thoughts, deeds and examples being the precious legacy we have it in our power to bequeath to our successors, by them to be carried on and fulfilled. This inspiring thought lends profound significance to every act of life, as tending in its consequences towards that ever-higher level from which successive generations should start, and ultimately to the crowning achievement of an ideal and perfect Humanity, the object of our aspiration and of our devotion. With a special tribute to the memory of George Eliot, Mr. Harrison concluded, leaving, as he said, that emotional residue of thought that cannot be embodied in words to be expressed by music.

Mr. Holmes can have had no easy task in setting George Eliot's lines, which, noble as they are in thought and expression, are yet devoid of that intangible essence, that subtle music, which constitutes poetry. This had to be lent them, and has been lent them by the composer. It was a disappointment to some that he has attempted no uninterrupted recitation of the sonorous verses. But, owing to their didactic nature, they might, if rhythmically declaimed in music, have resulted in a melodic sermon, a long-drawn hymn. Mr. Holmes has preferred to saturate himself with their spirit and to reproduce that in his own way, subjecting their letter to the freest treatment which can be imposed on poetry by the manifold resources of musical part-writing. The result is happy. Something statuesque is lost, no doubt, but he has endued the statue with life, and in so doing has fulfilled its mission while accomplishing his own.

The Cantata is for four-part chorus, Solo Barytone, and quartet of boy's voices, with string accompaniment for double Quartet and Contrabasso. The choral opening, "O may I join the choir invisible," is simple and earnest in character, growing more and more animated as the glorious life aspired to, is pictured forth ("So to live is heaven"), calming down in rapt reliance at the beautiful thought that the "sweet purity for which we struggled, failed, and agonized" is inherited by us and from us. So far the musician and the poet were truly at one. The least grateful part was the barytone solo, "Rebellious flesh," sung by Mr. Thorndike very well, if not con amore. The lines do not lend themselves to song, and any sympathetic soloist who has this gloomy prologue to sing must long to take his audience with him into the clearer atmosphere where, in fact, it is intended to find its culmination, but which is denied him, his part ending in the middle of a long sentence, finished for him by the beautiful solo-quartet for boys, blended with and intensified by detached choral phrases, than which nothing in the cantata is more truly lovely; the change of voices bringing vividly before the mind, the vision of a "worthier image" shaped forth "divinely human." An "Arioso" for barytone, "That better self shall live," is followed by the Finale, "This is life to come;" joyous, almost extatic in the realization of forming now a part of that life; fervent in aspiration towards that "purest heaven," that ideal of so living as to be one day

" to other souls

[&]quot;The cup of bliss in some great agony,"-

as many have been, in sooth, who yet never framed an action with such a conscious thought. This merges in a concluding strain "So may I join the choir invisible," serene and reliant, prophetically suggestive of struggle left behind, and calm victory.

The music of this Cantata abounds in difficulty of a kind to be only adequately met by that degree of mastery in execution which, rendering the performers independent of anxiety about details, leaves them free to enter into the spirit of the poet and of the composer. This, at a first performance by a body of amateurs, was not to be expected, but the choir acquitted itself fairly well, while the manifest enthusiasm and good will of every one concerned did much to atone for short-comings. The string accompaniment (professional) was good, though capable of greater refinement on a future occasion. We understand that the cantata is to be given annually on the "Day of all the Dead," and we hope it may be so. The service which Mr. Holmes's music has rendered to the poem is best described in George Eliot's own words,

"a good diffused, And in diffusion ever more intense."

FLORENCE A. MARSHALL.



'CENTURY GUILD NOTES.'

" EXHIBITION OF THE ART FOR SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION."

GLAD welcome to effort now at last made to develop, along with powers educed at school, lively interest in art: an effort chiefly due for its present form to exertions of Miss Christie and Mr. T. C. Horsfall of Manchester. But not so much for its practical shape do we welcome it, as for the evidence it bears of public mind-changes respecting taste. It is public acknowledgment that art-knowledge or taste is as much matter of education as mathematical knowledge, or taste for good English. We gladly welcome this effort because we know that when once any kind of connection is recognized between taste and education, it will not be long before the fulness and intimacy of that connection is seen. Further, we welcome it as acknowledgment—no less real because unconscious—that appreciative faculty, no less than creative power, is dependent upon familiarity with art of the past, and not, as hitherto contended, dependent solely upon gift of nature. Art is now by the public accepted as part of the mind-moulding environment; therefore in its unhindered influence essential to the development of immature faculties. Children are now to be influenced during school life by the pregnant hopes and the protecting fears; by the joys, the loves, the aspirations of the greatest and the noblest of their race: in fact the highest influences are now brought near to be felt as soon as they can be felt; and surely enough they will be felt long before child or teacher is sensible of their influence; for this heart influence will work happy brain changes, as silently and unconsciously as air of sea and heathery down works new blood changes in the body, breathing it continually. Again, the effort to bring art into schools may at least accomplish this great good. It will associate the school with pleasant things, and pleasant things with schools: so that they who feel the force of mental associations formed in early youth, will make it their care that school be not to a child a synonym for every thing disagreeable, lest in after life from this association the teacher find he has learned his pupil how to loathe the beautiful, and love the unlovely thing.

It was thought by some arranging this exhibition, that the influence of art fell short and went on along with 'appreciation'; and hence the paucity of really fine examples of poetic art. But any one who has had much experience with children, or even

remembers his own experience will know how erroneous this is; how strong and permanent is emotional influence when there is no intellectual appreciation. And indeed, they who in matters of art think influence so limited, should know such cannot be the case in art unless in all things else. And these will hardly allow that in the theological religions, influence is limited to power of comprehension; or they must either attribute to children superhuman powers of intelligence, or else estimate the influence of Christian dogma very, very low. [Unless it be that a creed which becomes unintelligible in proportion to the intelligence of adults, is most comprehensible to children.]

However, thinking as we do of the illimitable influence of that the human heart has inspired, the human brain devised, we would there had been more works illustrating imaginative art: more especially works of the early Italian school; for this school has ever had and will long have largest influence. There are but twelve examples from this school: and that attributed to Giotto—Portrait of Dante—is not taken from the portrait by Giotto, but from a restored fresco painted after Giotto's death.

The George Mason's; the Millet's; the Burne Jones'; the Watts' and the Walker's are most desirable, and we hope will be taken by many schools: though the temper of the English public likely to patronize this exhibition, will greatly prefer, "A distinguished member of the Royal Humane Society," after Landseer, before 'L'Angelus' by J. F. Millet. But the catholicity so evident in this exhibition, in order to cover a large area has been beaten out so thin that through its very centre has dropped the weightiest works of the English school. Will our readers believe it? Neither Blake nor Rossetti has place or name in this exhibition. It would seem as though the barking claims of the Royal Humane Society had swallowed up the silent claim of the unroyal Human Society. We like Newfoundlands very well, but when it comes to a choice between a Newfoundland dog and a 'Blessed Damozel'...

Doubtless in our next issue we shall be able to tell our friends this omission was not intentional and has been since made good.

A. H. MACKMURDO.

'THE BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.' TITIAN.

AT one of the studios of the Guild, [Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo's, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.] is to be seen a very interesting copy of Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' probably painted by Niccolas Poussin or one of the Spanish school: interesting because showing differences from the National Gallery picture in strict agreement with Justin Juster's engraving made from the original before it was repainted. In

certain other points of difference it shows a superior sense of design to that evidenced in the Gallery picture, and is very certainly a masterly work. Any friends feeling interested in it may see it at the above-mentioned studio.

THE Woman's Poet has received from woman's hand the woman's world-favour. All women hail 'My Lord'.

Go, ladies, deck likewise the delicate limbed Apollo in your ribbon toys; while battle-broken Theseus nude of earth-born ornament compels our highest worth-gift—too Godlike to look at man's mean distinctions—Peer without compeer. For thee the Muses will keep green the poet's laurel crown; while Time will slowly crush to glittering dust the Peer-coronet, that the day's convention doth impose. The hand that stretches out to grasp the crumbling gift, self seals the sepulchre of true fame; and builds its tiny monument 'twixt the 'Peerage's' fading leaves. Vanquished thus by earth pride, how can'st thou hope to victor mind's more during realm; and dying, wake to mightiest kingship o'er the living of all time!

An artist is best known by most greatly glorying in his common manhood; in his certain power to win praise,—praise ungotten by wind-blast of nominal title; praise not falsely high pitched by pecuniary repute.

A. H. MACKMURDO.

OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY EXHIBITION NOTES.

THE following works in the 'Old Water Colour Society's Exhibition' claim notice from us.

53. "The Thunder Splitten Peaks of Arran." H. Clarence Whaite.

This artist always endows his work with delicate beauty, but here he adds an unusual strength, as though he had partaken for the time of the power these riven Peaks possess, that throw back from earth the thunder bolts so frequently hurled upon them in tempest riots.

The Splitten Peaks are made to look more terrible and drear, more jagged and against heaven's rage defiant by their strong contrast to the sweep of cloud that crowns them—cloud catching on its broad swollen flank the fulness of the sun's after-glow—cloud chariots of fleeting fire. The character of these mighty but thunder-punished peaks is again intensified by the introduction of a shipwrecked hulk in the foreground,

cast up and left dry on the sand bank; its ocean-reft ribs that have alone survived utmost elemental rage, taunting the soft sun-clouds in sympathy of anger with the rocks. But the introduction of other features quite foreign to the domestic character of the picture, exposes a weakness. The stags that come to drink at the stream; the birds pluming their feathers on the bank; the "pretty" colouring of the wooded reach of land lying at the hill's feet, distract attention and destroy the unity. But notwithstanding this there is here a poetry and power of rendering, that gives this artist a high rank.

69. 'Moonlight Study.' W. Holman Hunt.

A very beautiful sonnet to 'my lady of the night.'

191. 'The Baron's Dwarf.' Sir J. Gilbert, R.A.

Splendidly rich in tone and colour, very expressive also, as all the work of this artist is: the dwarf's face shows him scarce an earthly man, his brow presaging unearthly power, his eye quick flashing with bewitching wit. The fire blood charger; the oak mossed o'er by eld; the baron's crested helm and spear are all drawn with vigour; keenly jealous of the introduction of anything likely to thieve essential interest.

211. The Road over the Common.'

Sir J. Gilbert has here stamped with his vigorous and poetic temper a quite common-place scene; and yet how full of Carlylean roughness and ugliness: the trees though weird and grotesque extraordinarily ugly: the execution very uncanny and graceless.

200. 'Whithy in Sunset Light.' A. Goodwin.

A fearless rendering of a day's last passionate sun-embrace. The wailing grey has partly veiled the plain, but the abbey crested hill burns with the ruddy light it feels it can behold but a moment's space. The suddenness and completeness of the change from this last bright cheer of day to the first dull chill of night, is given with a breadth and decision unusual in this painter's work. It is this breadth and unhesitating refusal of secondary motives of interest that we wished to have seen in the work above referred to of Clarence Whaite.

331. 'Perugia.'

In this catching of the daylight's last glimmer, as it flies away over the house-roofs of this picturesque town; in the rendering of the street lights that cast ghostlike shadows athwart each other, Albert Goodwin has pictured an effect of lasting interest to poets and artists: as, again, in

343. ' Assissi,'

He has given a suggestive epitome of the position and surroundings of this old town: so dear in associations. He has too, in this sketch translated the first thought one thinks on entering Assissi: the light that lit the lamp of her church is as this great planet light descended behind the staying hills that encircle her monastery, and all is sleep and all is night.

242. Blake's Workroom and Deathroom—Fountain Court. F. J. Shields.

Interesting of course; but we object to the introduction of the spirits. It is a portrait of the room, not the picturing of any idea about the room; in which case the introduction of these imaginative figures would be quite appropriate.

425. 'Morning Adoration.' F. J. Shields.

In the drawing of the sisters as they pay their morning adoration of kiss and caress to their wooden doll, we have sweet touch of natural feeling, but how inartistic the execution; quite boyishly inartistic.

247: 255. 'Windmills' and the 'Fishmarket;' Amsterdam. Clara Montalba.

Very happy these are in handling—strong too in tone and naïve in colour, but their inner weakness in want of conceptive power, must sooner or later tell out to despoil them of their momentary popularity.

52. Boxing Night. A. H. Marsh.

As the first torrent rush of an over swollen river, when forcing its way through the slowly opening gates of a lock—a rush of water that is mobile yet unyielding, silent yet with the hush of death in its suspended roar—is this mobile mass of flesh and bone, that in silence of selfish fear; in heat from excitement of numbers, is thrusting itself limb by limb through the pit entrance of the theatre. It is an awful moment on this populace mad night, when pleasure is pitched so high it touches pain, and pain is intensest pleasure. It is but a moment, yet a moment so full burdened with tragic emotion that it must be delayed in its flight by the artist. And caught here it is, with some power: for the motion and mass of the eager multitude is rendered very suggestively, and the absence of anything likely to calm or interest the attention, intensifying the sense of battling rush and madding excitement. The shading of the street light in order to give full value to the one light of the door lamp above is also a noteworthy point in the picture.

330. The Trout Stream.

But feeling the last subject so keenly; how comes it that he falls into such commonplaceness of subject here. To paint a trout stream it is not essential to immerse in its middle, up to the knees, a doll but a span high. The painter plays battledore and shuttlecock with your eyes and sentiment, tossing you suddenly from landscape to doll and from doll to landscape and on neither will he let you rest. In pictorial treatment this is very weak, but sufficient character is shown in rendering of trees and foreground to indicate this artist's power of painting a good landscape subject, could he only allow himself more output of feeling and the life he introduces less prominence. But there is something that will tell him better in the cellars of the National Gallery.

253. Burning Weeds.

We would thank you much for this; had we not had a Walker and Millet to thank. They speak each from their Wallhalla. 'Cheat us not of our life's due by coming so near, yet not moving on. Stand not thou that livest in front of those that are dead, to hide us; but side by side in processional rank showing advance of us all; so, brother, shalt thou too join the immortal ranks.'

There are in this Exhibition numerous studies of Prof'. Ruskin's; whose pencil in every sweep and delicate touch tells a tale that strikes home so forcibly, the work's own perfection becomes its best praise and self interpreter.

A. H. MACKMURDO.

MR. H. R. NEWMAN'S PICTURE.

We are glad to be able to tell friends, we have received from Mr. H. R. Newman, now in Florence—a painter worthily praised of late by Prof. Ruskin—a very fine picture of the Bay of Lerici; where Shelley was living at time of the fatal accident which robbed the world of his great clear spirit. The picture in its most happy pourtrayal of this sunny coast scenery where earth wears the bridal dress wove for her marriage with the sun, is full of fond sympathy and refined power. After having been viewed by a great number of the artist's friends the picture was sent off from here for exhibition. We are sorry we cannot yet say where it may be exhibited.

A. H. MACKMURDO.

28, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

EXAMPLES OF 'CENTURY GUILD'

Tapestries, cretonnes, silks, wall papers, furniture, stained glass, modelling, painting, architecture, etc., to be seen at the offices of Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.; also at Messrs. Collinson and Lock's, 109, Fleet Street, E.C.

By means of the co-operation of artists associated through the 'Century Guild,' it is possible to maintain some sort of alliance between the arts when conjointly employed; thus putting stop to the battle of styles now raging between architecture and her handmaidens—a battle that mars by crude contrast of unrelated character the beauty and repose of our homes.

ERRATUM.

Page 71, line 11, for "sympathetic" read "synthetic."

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